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NOVEMBER 30, 1962

INDIA'S LOST ILLUSIONS

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Robert Vickrey



NEHRU

VOL. LXXX NO. 22

(REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.)



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PORTRAIT OF FAMILY PROTECTION



Mrs. Maude H. Clifford and family... all protected by Bankers Life Company of Des Moines. Standing, left to right: Robert H. Clifford and mother, Mrs. Clifford; grandson, Robert; granddaughter, Bonnie; grandson, Robert Lemmer; daughter, Sylvia Lemmer; grandson, Lyle Lemmer; daughter, Melba Dvorak; granddaughter, Joy Dvorak. Seated: daughters, Ferné Coxbill and Florence Boettcher; grandson, James Boettcher.

Nebraska Grandmother reflects: Three generations of loved ones protected by Bankers Life Company

Mrs. Maude H. Clifford is a prominent resident of Atkinson, Nebraska. She is also a proud mother of five. She's a grandmother, too!

"I can never forget my first introduction to Bankers Life of Des Moines," Mrs. Clifford recalls. "My husband had recently passed away and the Bankers Life people offered to assist me in settling all of his life insurance policies. Later, I took out Bankers Life policies for myself and my children and that was the beginning of this long, friendly relationship."

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8:02 A.M.

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IGNORE THIS AD UNLESS YOU PAY INCOME TAX

The Internal Revenue Service in The Federal Register, the government journal of official notices, on November 8th, 1962 spelled out its plans to enforce the new tax laws. It particularly emphasized requirements for business men to keep strict, documented records of deductions for travel and entertainment expenses. The Internal Revenue Service stated that any travel and entertainment expenditure over \$10 would have to be substantiated with an actual receipt, or it would be immediately disallowed.

The Register definitely established that itemized, detailed statements from credit card systems do constitute sufficient documentary evidence within the meaning of the new laws.

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TIME LISTINGS

CINEMA

Mutiny on the Bounty. M-G-M's \$18.5 million reconstruction of *The Bounty* goes bounding along at a great rate for two hours, but all at once the story springs a leak and sinks beneath contempt. Marlon Brando is a sight too cute as Fletcher Christian, but even in disaster Trevor Howard makes a superlative curmudgeon of Captain Bligh.

What Ever Happened to Baby Jane? Bette Davis and Joan Crawford come back big as a couple of hilarious old horrors in the year's most gorgeously gory bit of grand guignol.

Gypsy. In this stripsnorter of a show adapted from the Broadway musical abstracted from Gypsy Rose Lee's autobiography, Rosalind Russell is marvelous as a stage mother whose daughter can't act but is pretty good at take-offs.

Il Grido. A mournful little movie, made in 1957, in which Italy's Michelangelo Antonioni first fumbled with the material he later handled so powerfully in *L'Avventura*.

Billy Budd. Herman Melville's didactic tale has been transformed into a vivid, frightening, deeply affecting film, and for this the credit belongs principally to Britain's Peter Ustinov, who directed the picture, helped write the script, and plays one of the leading roles.

Long Day's Journey into Night. Eugene O'Neill's play, one of the greatest of the century, describes his own family in terms of a serpent that eats its own tail, each member eating and being eaten at the same time. Principals are Katharine Hepburn, Ralph Richardson, Jason Robards Jr., and Dean Stockwell.

Divorce—Italian Style. This wickedly hilarious lesson in how to break up a marriage in divorceless Italy stars Marcello Mastroianni as a Sicilian smoothie who sheds his unwanted wife in the only way the law seems to allow: he provides her with a lover, catches them together, shoots her dead. But then...

TELEVISION

Wed., Nov. 28

Naked City (ABC, 10-11 p.m.). Guest Stars Richard Basehart and Robert Walker Jr. turn a sidewalk prank into tragedy in "Dust Devil on a Quiet Street."

Thurs., Nov. 29

Bob Hope Show (NBC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). An hour of music and patter, including a Hopeful sketch called "Bird Brain of Alcatraz," with Guests Jack Benny, Ethel Merman and Bobby Darin.

Premiere (ABC, 10-11 p.m.). "The Hands of Danofrio," an original drama about a piece of sculpture and an art dealer's determined search for its creator.

Alfred Hitchcock (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). Hugh O'Brian and Gena Rowlands share their terror in "Ride the Nightmare."

Fri., Nov. 30

Shakespeare: Soul of an Age (NBC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). Sirs Michael Redgrave and Ralph Richardson narrate excerpts from a dozen Shakespeare plays while the

camera roves the original settings (the Tower of London, the Forest of Arden, Hampton Court, etc.). Color.

The World of Jacqueline Kennedy (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). A look at the First Lady's public and private lives, with comments on both from Pierre Salinger, Oleg Cassini, Margaret Mead and the late Eleanor Roosevelt.

Sat., Dec. 1

Exploring (NBC, 12:30-1:30 p.m.). For the five-to-elevens, Celeste Holm reads poems, Bud Freeman plays music, and the Ritts Puppets demonstrate math, all focusing on the aspects of color. Color.

N.C.A.A. Football (CBS, 1:15 p.m. to finish). From Philadelphia, Army v. Navy.

Sun., Dec. 2

The Eternal Light (NBC, 1:30-2 p.m.). Mark Van Doren and Maurice Samuel discuss "The Bible and the Theater."

The Twentieth Century (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.). "Laval: Portrait of a Traitor," Lael Wertenbaker's biography of the man behind France's surrender to the Nazis.

Mon., Dec. 3

Leonard Bernstein and the N.Y. Philharmonic (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). "The Creative Performer" features Pianist Glenn Gould, Soprano Eileen Farrell, and Igor Stravinsky conducting excerpts from *The Firebird*.

David Brinkley's Journal (NBC, 10:10-11 p.m.). A three-part commentary on 1) television in East and West Berlin, 2) César, a contemporary artist who crushes automobiles into small cubes, and 3) the enormous fan-magazine popularity of the John F. Kennedys. Color.

Tues., Dec. 4

Chet Huntley Reporting (NBC, 10:30-11 p.m.). "Report on the Dominican Republic," a summary of post-Trujillo conditions and a preview of the coming presidential election.

THEATER

On Broadway

Beyond the Fringe. Four monstrously clever and wildly amusing young graduates of Oxford and Cambridge gleefully smash the icons of any and all Establishments, from Shakespeare to nuclear defense. The head pixy, Dr. Jonathan Miller, is a rubber-faced, rubber-jointed comic wonder.

Tchin-Tchin is a strange and oddly affecting play in which an Italo-American contractor and a proper Englishwoman are thrown into each other's company because their respective spouses are having an affair. Margaret Leighton and Anthony Quinn touch the playgoer's nerve ends, crazybones, and heart strings with deceptive ease and authority.

Mr. President. With Robert Ryan in the title role and Nanette Fabray as First Lady, is a taste-exempt musical that is bulging with more than \$2,600,000 in advance-ticket-sale swag. The patrons of its 385 theater parties (largely benefit affairs) may redefine playgoing for charity as "painful giving."

Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf? by Edward Albee, examines the sterility of a

marriage, and of modern U.S. life, with cold fury. The playgoer may doubt whether he has been shown the human heart, but he will know that he has seen human entrails. As the warring couple, Arthur Hill and Uta Hagen give performances of indelible brilliance.

The Affair has been expertly adapted from C. P. Snow's novel, and revolves around the issue of justice toward an ideological enemy. A predominantly British cast evokes the donnish flavor of a university common room turned courtroom.

BOOKS

Best Reading

The Cape Cod Lighter, by John O'Hara. Back in his Gibbsville, Pa., stamping grounds again and once more at the top of his form, the old master lays bare in short stories the mores and morals of the nice and the not-so-nice.

The Anatomy of Britain, by Anthony Sampson. A precise and skilled journalist takes his native land apart from Mayfair to Muddling-Through, and is far from reassured by what he finds.

Tale for the Mirror, by Hortense Calisher. Masterful anecdotes of human hope, and foibles for our time, set in Exurbia-on-Hudson, written by a subtle and stylish mistress of the short story.

Renoir, My Father, by Jean Renoir. Life with a great impressionist painter and a charmingly quirky parent, fondly recollected by his gifted son.

A Dancer in Darkness, by David Staction. Seventeenth-century Playwright John Webster's ill-fated heroine, the Duchess of Malfi, is chillingly done in, this time in silky, horrifying prose.

Black Cargoes, by Daniel P. Mannix. The breathtakingly brutal history of how some 15 million Africans were transported to the New World—the more telling because quietly told.

The Letters of Oscar Wilde, edited by Rupert Hart-Davis. The first complete edition of one of England's greatest wits reveals depths of wisdom in a man so often caricatured as a fop.

The Vizier's Elephant and Devil's Yard, by Ivo Andric. In four short novels a Yugoslav Nobel prizewinner treats with some new and old varieties of human tyranny.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. **A Shade of Difference**, Drury (1, last week)
2. **Seven Days in May**, Knebel and Bailey (2)
3. **Fail-Safe**, Burdick and Wheeler (6)
4. **Where Love Has Gone**, Robbins (4)
5. **Ship of Fools**, Porter (3)
6. **Deeply Beloved**, Lindbergh (5)
7. **The Thin Red Line**, Jones (8)
8. **The Prize**, Wallace (7)
9. **The Passion Flower Hotel**, Erskine
10. **Youngblood Hawke**, Wouk (9)

NONFICTION

1. **Travels with Charley**, Steinbeck (1)
2. **Silent Spring**, Carson (2)
3. **O Ye Jigs & Juleps!**, Hudson (5)
4. **The Rothschilds**, Morton (3)
5. **My Life in Court**, Nizer (4)
6. **Sex and the Single Girl**, Brown (7)
7. **The Blue Nile**, Moorhead (6)
8. **Letters From the Earth**, Twain (9)
9. **Final Verdict**, St. Johns (8)
10. **Who's in Charge Here?**, Gardner (10)

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**ORIGINAL
BROADWAY
CAST RECORDING**
★★★★

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November 30, 1962

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m

Seated at the piano is Irving Berlin. Standing, l. to r., are Howard Lindsay, Russel Crouse, Leland Hayward and Joshua Logan.

**ROBERT RYAN,
NANETTE FABRAY
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Until ~~the~~ ^{his} Berlin took



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LETTERS

Man of the Year

Sir:
The entire free world must concur with your inevitable choice at year's end of John F. Kennedy as *Time's* Man of the Year.

E. F. HARVIE

Wellington, New Zealand

Sir:
For Man of the Year—your choice of Johns: President or Pope.

JOHN M. GEHL III

New Orleans

Sir:
I nominate James Meredith, of course; for a difficult, thankless, but necessary task, accomplished with consummate dignity and inspiring courage.

(MRS.) LOIS D. DUMMETT

Tuskegee, Ala.

Sir:
John Glenn.

SUSAN O'BRIEN

New York City

Sir:
The American serviceman—the soldier, sailor, marine, or airman who has stood ready in countless spots around the world from the paddyfields of Viet Nam to the blue waters of the Caribbean to serve his country, and meanwhile acts with warmth and friendship as its most effective ambassador of people-to-people diplomacy.

R. C. GROSSE
Lientenant, U.S.N.

F.P.O., New York

Folk Singing

Sir:
Thank you, *TIME*, for a long-anticipated cover story about Joan Baez and folk singing (Nov. 23).

JOANNE A. MIRRA

Boston

Sir:
I hardly know whether to applaud you for your wit, groan over your unscholarly and superficial analyses, or praise you for your occasional (I say occasional) insight into the ideological conflicts and underlying bases for the widespread folk-music interest today.

The thoughtful critic of folk music, unlike the pseudobeatnik "Harvard underworld" you describe so well, criticizes the commercially oriented "folk" group or individual not on the basis of money, but on the basis of a sincere approach to the spirit and tradition of the songs being sung, which, surprisingly to many, is an extremely complex and difficult achievement. A good voice is incidental to the attainment of this goal, though it doesn't hurt. One might criticize Bing Crosby's style of singing opera even if he were to hit all the notes properly.

If nothing else, in spite of some gross oversimplifications this is a thoughtfully provocative article.

DICK REUSS

Indiana University
Bloomington, Ind.

Sir:
Joan Baez is professionally lost, unilaterally unhappy to the point that her life might be a void were she ever—perish the thought!—to find happiness. She is a believer without a faith.

The folk singer who sings in public is a self-conscious fraud who needs to be scorned, hated and pointed out. He needs to feel

that he is as unwanted as he feels he is.
Nothing shall come of nothing.

J. MICHAEL FREEDBERG

Salem, Mass.

Sir:
Your article on folk singing was very interesting, but I want Miss Baez to know that there is at least one good Republican who is also a good folk singer—my wife Mary.

JOHN C. OWEN

Baltimore

Sir:
You committed the unpardonable sin of dismissing Richard Dyer-Bennet in one sentence as an "arty eclectic." The likes of Joan Baez could not even hold his guitar.

DAVID S. BAUMGARTNER
Chagrin Falls, Ohio

Sir:
How can you write an article on this subject without at least mentioning Josh White?

ARTHUR ZEIKEL

New York City

Sir:
That was the only folk-account I ever read that was fair to everybody—even the Kingston Trio.

Except you left out the New Christy Minstrels, the newest thing in folk music: the sing-along folk group.

JUDY MOLL

Sausalito, Calif.

Sir:
When I was a student at Columbia University in 1941, I had the good fortune to hear the Louisiana ex-convict Leadbelly sing at a private party.

The most unique performance came when he laid down his twelve-string guitar and did what he called "hollers," primitive, soul-searching melancholy songs.

BURKE MCINTY

Terrell, Texas

Sir:
I am extremely thrilled that you printed my song in your folk singing article. I love music and Joan Baez.

Copper Kettle was written in 1953 as part of my opera *Go Lightly Stranger*.

A. F. BEDDOE

Staten Island, N.Y.

Sir:
Your fleeting reference to bluegrass music cries out for amplification. Bluegrass is not a "polite synonym for hillbilly." It is a highly intricate derivative of the folk and jazz

idioms. Both the term and the music itself received their major impetus from Bill Monroe and His Bluegrass Boys. A bluegrass musician is an accomplished and versatile soloist who is capable of achieving a very delicate balance between story and music. Only stringed instruments are used, and these are nonelectrified and unamplified (as opposed to hillbilly music).

Charlottesville, Va.

BILL CLIFTON

Sir:
Folk music strikes a responsive chord in people because it reflects life in basic human terms and with powerful, poetic truth. Even its war songs, both anti-war and battle sagas, are expressed in poignant, personal terms.

Long after the popular fad of commercial treatment of folk songs for profit has died, the songs will continue to live and flourish.

Los Angeles

RITA WEILL

Nixon & Hiss

Sir:
In my opinion, your harsh treatment of ABC Newsman Howard K. Smith was most unfair (Nov. 23). Not only do you add your dubious voice to the critics of his controversial program, but you disparage Mr. Smith's entire television effort.

Of all public affairs programs presented, Mr. Smith's is the most valuable, most topical, and most thought-provoking.

JOHN R. WILLIAMS

Washington, D.C.

Sir:
Nixon was serving his country when he brought out evidence against Hiss. It is contemptible to permit someone like Hiss, who was serving another country against all of our interests, to utter his thoughts about our former public servant.

(MRS.) LAURA BAILEY

Pittsboro, N.J.

Sir:
I am glad to see that ABC has taken the great step forward and is giving the TV audience a chance to hear the opinions of great world figures.

But why stop there? Why not produce an historical dramatization with a similar format? Then we could all hear John Wilkes Booth talk on Lincoln, Adolf Hitler talk on Churchill, and Al Capone talk on Ness.

Trenton, N.J.

ROBERT BROOK JR.

The Penance Corps

Sir:
I spent three weeks this summer working on Kibbutz Mishmar David, one of the ten kibbutzim that would accept German work groups (Nov. 23). The Germans seemed less

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concerned with doing penance than with getting to know Jews. As one explained to me, "You know, there are very few Jews in Germany."

The results of this experiment suggest that the barriers to Israeli-German friendship are high but not insurmountable. The group that came in 1961—"the cream of Cologne youth," as one kibbutznik put it—was a fabulous success. A year later the Israelis were still praising their friendliness, their talent and hard work.

This summer's group, less special, fared less well. The Israelis could never explain precisely what was going wrong; several people said they were just more aware of these students' "German-ness." Perhaps occasional carelessness or tactlessness was partly to blame; I never got over hearing the Germans sing, before an Israeli audience, *Let My People Go*.

SUSAN J. SEGAL

Radcliffe College
Cambridge, Mass.

Renoir by Picasso

Sir:

Accompanying your review of *Renoir, My Father*, by Jean Renoir [Nov. 9], was a photograph of the painter made late in life.



It is doubly interesting. The artist's hands are badly twisted by rheumatism, but as your review points out, Renoir persisted in painting and, despite this handicap, produced some of his most significant work in his last years. It was this same photograph that Picasso

used as a model for his drawing of Renoir.

VAN DEREN COKE

Director

University of New Mexico Art Gallery
Albuquerque

The Brothers K.

Sir:

Your story about the Kadoorie brothers [Nov. 16] has a special meaning to me. It was Horace Kadoorie who, in the early '40s, built and supported a school in Shanghai for refugee children from Nazi Germany. Shanghai was Japanese-occupied during the war, and the Kadoorie school, as it was known affectionately to some 20,000 European refugees, was the only free schooling available to the youngsters. Even after the Japanese confiscated Kadoorie's marble palace, one of Shanghai's showplace residences, his Rolls-Royce, Buick and Chevy, he continued to visit the school by bicycle.

After the war, many of these youngsters continued their education in America, and are living today scattered from coast to coast. Very few of us have kept in touch, but perhaps your story might help us locate our former schoolmates.

CLAUDE E. SPINGARN

Rochester

Sir:

I spent long months in Chapei internment camp with Lawrence Kadoorie and his wife.

After the Japanese surrender, my wife and I moved our very grey rats, our emaciated selves and sick baby to the Kadoorie home in Shanghai as their guests.

In the upheaval of the times, Horace Kadoorie managed to get not only the medicines our little daughter needed but enough food to feed many hundreds of visiting flight crews and soldiers, both U.S. and British.

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Light, delicious Mazola Margarine... made from golden kernels of sun-ripened corn... makes rolls, pancakes and vegetables taste their Sunday best every day.



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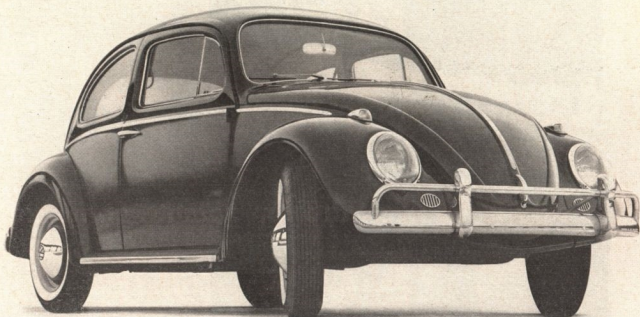
hunts on weekends
and for everyday
pleasure he uses...

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Why do we put such big wheels on our little car?

There are some gripping reasons.

It would be worth having big wheels on the VW just so we could have big tires.

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We put those big wheels on the VW so that we could have bigger brakes, too.

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So when you drive away in your new VW,

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Which is quite a stretch to go without getting tired.



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Marble Hall became famed for its hospitality and kindness.

ERIC J. SCHMIDT

San Francisco

Dartmouth & Harvard

Sir:

TIME's interesting article on Dartmouth [Nov. 23] states that Dartmouth's two-year medical school "sends most of its students on to fill the vacancies created by flunk-outs at Harvard's four-year school."

Flunk-outs at the Harvard Medical School are extremely rare: only 14 during the past 14 years—substantially less than 1% per year. Harvard's extensive hospital facilities for clinical teaching during the last two years of medical study make it possible to accept a large number of qualified students from the nation's two-year medical schools. We are pleased that Dartmouth's students elect to apply in large numbers to the Harvard Medical School for opportunities to complete their medical education.

GEORGE P. BERRY, M.D.

Dean

The Faculty of Medicine
Harvard University
Boston

Central Heating & England

Sir:

Re your article on the customary lack of heat in British homes [Nov. 16]:

I just must put down my hot-water bottle long enough to thank you for backing up my stories to the folks back home. Last winter I did my cooking in a parka and snow boots. Our English friends find me quite spineless.

The closest I have come to bedtime glamour in England is to dye my long Johns passionate purple.

HELEN BAUMAN

Cheltenham, England

Sir:

Your always apropos articles seemed even more so this morning as I stepped out in the 39° weather to collect the milk and returned to my 45° kitchen to prepare breakfast.

Being a Texan, I find our two-year-old modern home in Great Britain not very much so, but in defiance I still hop between the icy sheets in my Neiman-Marcus sheer nighties.

(Mrs.) NANCY BECKNER

Swansea, Wales

Sir:

No, no, no. We British do not put our toast in racks to "cool it off fast." Why, some of our toast racks even have a heating unit underneath to keep the toast hot. We put our toast in racks to let the steam out and thus keep it crisp.

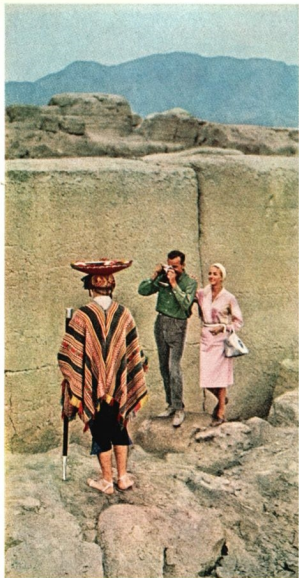
The much-loved American breakfast toast — limp and soggy — we find rather repellent.

BETTY L. GARDNER

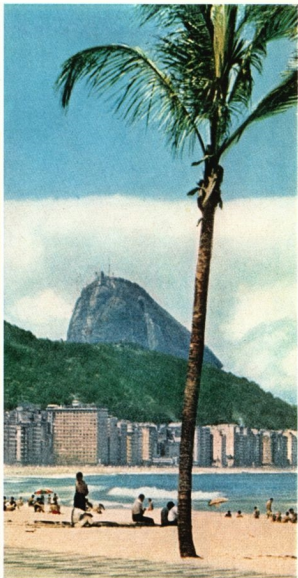
Halifax, N.S.

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Pre-Inca ruins of Peru



Famed Sugar Loaf watches over Rio

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Seagram has a gift for making martinis dryer

The explanation is simple.

On the way from the still to the bottle, something very drying happens to the gin. It's a costly extra step in which Nature strips away unwanted sweetness and perfumery.

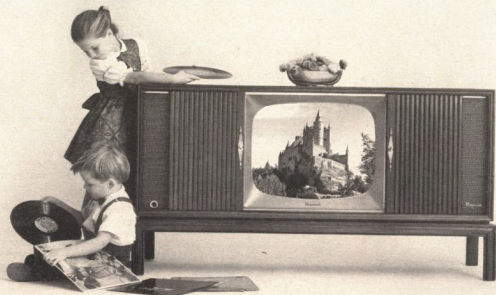
The result? A gin that is utterly, completely, profoundly dry. See? Nature even verifies it with a sunny signature—the amber glint in Seagram's Gin. It's a very cheerful luster.

One that belongs in the most cheerful holiday martinis.

Bernard M. Over

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THE NATION

FOREIGN RELATIONS

On the Front Edge

President Kennedy said that world affairs, in a not very resounding phrase, were entering into "a rather climactic period." Secretary of State Dean Rusk, appearing before the Foreign Policy Association in Manhattan, put it another way. "I suspect that we are," he said, "on the front edge of significant and perhaps unpredictable events, a period in which some of the customary patterns of thought will have to be reviewed and perhaps revised."

abandoned, old ideas discarded. Here was India, under savage assault from the Communist giant it had sought to befriend, unaided by the neutralist nations it had led ("Where was Sukarno? Where was Nasser? Where was Tito?" asked a disillusioned Indian diplomat). And here was India, the unaligned, seeking and receiving help from the Western powers it had scorned. Here, at the same time, was neighboring Pakistan, long one of the U.S.'s staunchest friends, threatening to turn to a policy of "positive independence," and sending Foreign Minister Mo-

Jr. and John J. McCloy, who heads a three-member group negotiating about Cuba with Soviet representatives at the United Nations.

They talked of Cuba, but also of India —of tightening the economic and political noose around Castro's neck, of finding out what India needed and what could be done to help her. At the moment there seemed to be opportunities for bold maneuver on all the fronts of the cold war, and if these could be explored and exploited, it would indeed be time to talk of a climactic period.



RUSK

GILPATRIC



McCLOY

THOMPSON

BUNDY

At the Cape, a cold war council.



BALL

McNAMARA

Pressed for specifics, both Kennedy and Rusk wandered off into generalities. Yet, for all their inadequacy in verbalizing their feelings, both men were, in fact, reflecting a growing sense of change in the balances of the cold war. For years, cold-war relationships had seemed drawn up along a sort of Maginot line, with fixed sides, fixed positions and fixed personalities. Now that line was breached, and with its breaching had come a period of fluidity and flexibility. There were hazards ahead, but also opportunity.

If the U.S. had not yet achieved a complete victory in Cuba, the Soviet Union had suffered a stunning setback. Just as significant as Nikita Khrushchev's backdown in the face of firmness was the fact that the Cuba crisis had heartened the Western alliance while helping to splinter the Communist world.

In the torrent of events, old relationships were being reversed, old positions

hammered Ali, an amiable old friend of the U.S.'s, off to Peking for conferences. Most important of all, here was the quarrel —no longer discreet or polite—between Moscow and Peking. This split, as it was at last being called, might still require the two great Communist powers to back each other's moves, but they no longer seemed to be coordinating them in advance (see THE WORLD).

Aware of these shifting tides and of things undone, President Kennedy called top members of his National Security Council executive committee into conference at Hyannisport. One by one and two by two they arrived—Rusk, Defense Secretary Robert McNamara, Joint Chiefs Chairman Maxwell Taylor, Deputy Defense Secretary Roswell Gilpatric, Under Secretary of State George Ball, Bobby Kennedy, White House Adviser McGeorge Bundy, Special Counsel Ted Sorensen, Kremlinologist Llewellyn E. Thompson

Some of the Answers

The President had not held a press conference for ten weeks. A month had passed since his last major public pronouncement about Cuba. Thus, when Kennedy finally faced newsmen last week, there were plenty of questions to be answered. And answer them he did—up to a point. Beyond that point, he left unresolved some issues basic to the meaning of the Cuban crisis.

For days, messages had sped back and forth between Washington and Moscow; White House aides proudly let it be known that it now took only an hour and a half for a written communication to leave Kennedy's desk and land on Khrushchev's. The contents of many of those messages remains undisclosed, but it is certain that Kennedy at one point told Khrushchev that the U.S. would have to take new and perhaps drastic action if the

Soviet Union did not remove the IL-28 bombers it had sent to Castroland. It was clearly implied that 6 p.m., the time Kennedy set for his press conference, was the deadline for a favorable reply.

Fit of Pique. Hours before that deadline came the first hint of a Russian backdown. Fidel Castro sent a letter to the U.N.'s Acting Secretary-General U Thant withdrawing his objections to the removal of the bombers from Cuba; they were, he said in a characteristic fit of pique, old and inferior aircraft anyhow. Kennedy paid no public attention to Castro's message. He was still waiting for word from the Kremlin, and it came shortly after noon on the day of the press conference.

Khrushchev, Kennedy told newsmen and the nation over television, had agreed to get his bombers out of Cuba within 30 days (just why it would take 30 days remained unclear, and no one asked). That being the case, Kennedy was ordering that the naval blockade of Cuba be lifted (just why it was being lifted before the planes were actually removed was also not made clear).

Khrushchev's new retreat could, from a U.S. viewpoint, only be called progress. But there remained room for much more progress. Still in Cuba were Russian nationals—and for the first time, Kennedy described them as "ground combat units." More importantly, when Kennedy had first announced his quarantine of Cuba, he made it perfectly plain that on-site inspection was the only way to make sure that Soviet missiles had really been removed. But Castro, despite Khrushchev's pledge to let U.N. inspectors into Cuba, remained obdurate. Therefore, said Kennedy at his press conference, the U.S., even while continuing negotiations toward inspection, would continue its aerial reconnaissance flights over Cuba.

Kennedy was closely questioned about the contents of his communications with Khrushchev. Had he made any commitments of which the public remained unaware? No. Did his "no invasion" promise in effect guarantee Castro's continued, unhampered existence? Well, for one thing, Kennedy indicated that there would be no such pledge until the U.S.'s inspection terms were met. Even then, said Administration aides, it would remain a cardinal point of U.S. policy to see Castro unseated, if only through economic and political pressures. The U.S. has been urging its allies, with some success, to give up trade with Cuba and restrict ships flying their flags from carrying goods there, is ready with a four-point plan that would deny U.S. port privileges and business to foreign shipowners whose ships continue to enter Cuban ports.

Critical Question. After the President's press conference, a sense of lull settled over the nation. The 63 ships that comprised the blockade force steamed back toward their home ports. The Pentagon announced that 14,300 Air Force reservists, called up at the height of the Cuba crisis, were being released. In a Thanksgiving message, President Kennedy said that "there is much for which we can be

grateful as we look back to where we stood only four weeks ago."

All well and good. There could be no doubt but that the U.S. position *vis à vis* not only Cuba but the entire Communist world had been visibly advanced during those four weeks. But that critical question remained: What to do about Castro? For so long as he remains in power, the Caribbean will remain in crisis and Cuba will be a staging area for Communist subversion, or outright aggression, throughout Latin America. Long before the Soviet missile buildup in Cuba became apparent, it was obvious that Castro was a threat to vital U.S. interests in the Caribbean. Now the U.S. hopes that economic and political pressures will be enough to topple a discredited Castro—and such look-no-hands methods would certainly be preferable to the use of arms. But if they do not work, then the U.S. will not have advanced nearly as far in the past few weeks as President Kennedy hopes—and it may be necessary to start all over again in the painful process of ousting Cuba's Communist dictator.

THE ADMINISTRATION

A Stroke of the Pen

It seemed so simple to John Kennedy during the 1960 campaign. If elected, he promised, he would end racial discrimination in federally aided housing "by a stroke of the presidential pen." But months went by without the stroke. Negroes grew impatient, took to mailing him pens as sarcastic reminders. Newsmen questioned him about the delay at several press conferences. On the President's visit to Los Angeles last August, the local chapter of the Congress of Racial Equality

greeted him with placards: PICK UP THE PEN, MR. PRESIDENT.

But since he already had troubles aplenty in trying to get legislation through the House, the President was wary of doing anything more to anger Southern Congressmen. He had to consider, too, that on Election Day 1962, the promised executive order might hurt Democrats in the South more than it would help Democrats in the North—the New Frontier could count on most of the Northern Negro vote anyway.

Last week, with the elections out of the way and a new Congress elected, the President finally delivered that stroke of the pen. After the long wait, it was anticlimactic. Kennedy's order bars "discrimination because of race, color, creed or national origin" in the "sale, leasing, rental or other disposition" of housing 1) owned or operated by the Federal Government, 2) built with the aid of federal grants or loans, or 3) financed by FHA or other federal mortgage guarantee programs. That leaves some big gaps. The provisions with teeth do not apply to housing built before the order was issued—although they do include a vague directive to federal housing officials "to use their good offices and to take other appropriate action" against discrimination in the sale or rental of housing already in existence. Also, the order does not apply at all to housing purchased under "conventional" financing (without federal mortgage guarantees)—which means three out of four one-family dwellings.

The order is aimed mostly at builders, developers, bankers, state and local officials. No fines or prison terms are provided for noncompliance, but the order arms federal officials with sharp-bladed threats to wield: for builders, refusal of FHA and Veterans Administration financing for their projects; for banks, loss of FHA and VA mortgage business; for states and municipalities, loss of federal grants and loans for slum clearance and urban renewal.

What practical effects the order will have depend largely upon how vigorously federal officials try to enforce it. Federal Housing Administrator Robert C. Weaver, the man who will do most of the enforcing, will presumably try hard enough. Weaver is a Negro.

TAXES

Cut First, Reform Later

Everybody was talking tax cut, and few more emphatically than the President's Advisory Committee on Labor-Management Policy, a 21-member group including Labor Secretary Willard Wirtz and Commerce Secretary Luther Hodges. Said the committee last week: "The U.S. can and must improve its recent record of economic progress. Economic policy should be directed at strengthening the expansionary powers of the economy. Our objective should be twofold: in the short run we must increase total demand for both consumption and investment; in the long run we must achieve a more rapid rate of growth of our productivity



HOUSING ADMINISTRATOR WEAVER
An enforcer with a reason.



THE WINTER SEXTET IN THE EAST ROOM
"I could hardly keep from wiggling around."

capacity. The main tool for promoting our economic objectives in 1963 should be a prompt and significant reduction in income tax rates."

So far, so good. But how big should the tax cut be? The committee suggested \$10 billion—which seemed unreasonably large, considering that the reduction would come on the heels of a fiscal 1963 budget deficit estimated at \$7.8 billion. The committee recognized that such a cut probably would lead to "appreciable deficits in the budget in the near future," but contended that "over the longer run, it may well generate increased tax revenues."

Crucial to the question of a tax cut is the issue of whether it should be tied in with overall tax reform. On this the committee said that "thorough review and revision of the tax system should be undertaken promptly." But, significantly, it added: "This should not be permitted to postpone action on the urgently needed reduction in tax rates."

At his news conference, President Kennedy was not yet ready with one of his famous "judgments" on how deep a cut and how serious a reform there should be. But the Administration has, in fact, tried out a two-step tax package on House Ways and Means Chairman Wilbur Mills. The plan calls for a big tax cut, in Step 1, to be retroactive to Jan. 1, 1963. The second step, to be effective one year later, would include a further cut and overall tax reforms. Both steps would have to be approved in one bill, thus preventing Congress from approving a tax cut and then ignoring tax reform.

THE PRESIDENCY

Time Out

The men who want to talk serious business about crises, conferences and tax cuts come and go through the west entrance. But 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue is also a home as well as a White House, and last week the joint was jumping.

A high point of the week was the fifth concert of Jackie Kennedy's series of

musical programs for young people. On hand in the East Room were 220 kids from ten to 19, mostly the sons' and daughters of Administration officials, ambassadors and chiefs of diplomatic missions. Jazzman Paul Winter, 23, clutched his alto sax, gave three foot beats, and led his sextet into *Bells and Horns*, *The Ballad of the Sad Young Men* and *Pony Express*. The style was somewhere between Dixieland and progressive, and it seemed to bewilder some of the young folks. But it really sent Jackie. Afterward she confided to Pianist Warren Bernhardt: "I could hardly keep from wiggling around like you on the piano bench." Said she to Leader Winter: "That was wonderful. Simply wonderful. We've never had anything like it here." Said Winter of Jackie's tribute: "That knocked us out."

As cultural wagon boss on the New Frontier, Jackie, escorted by Arthur Schlesinger Jr., also took in the opening of an exhibit of South American paintings at the Pan American Union, and in a



JACKIE AT ART EXHIBIT

zebra-patterned suit seemed to have an edge on the paintings themselves.

Then it was off to Hyannisport, with about two dozen other Kennedys and Kennedy kinfolk, for Thanksgiving Day. The children ate in the afternoon, then saw movies in Old Joe Kennedy's 40-seat theater; the grown Kennedys feasted at 7 p.m. on a 32-lb. turkey. Only two things marred the occasion: little John Jr. had been left back at the White House with a bad cold, and fog and a cold rain weathered out the family's annual Thanksgiving Day touch football game.

Reflecting the relaxed mood of the Kennedys, the White House at week's end released a fetching photograph taken last month of Caroline and John Jr. romping about the President's office, with Daddy applauding their antics from the sidelines.

Last week the President also:

► Commuted the sentences of six federal prisoners and issued full pardons to five



THE PRESIDENT, CAROLINE & JOHN JR.
The mood seemed more relaxed.

others—including Matthew J. Connelly, 55, former appointments secretary to President Truman. Connelly was convicted of tax-fraud conspiracy, paroled in 1960 after serving six months, and is now a public relations man in New York.

► Instructed the Veterans Administration to pay out \$327,600,000 in Government life insurance dividends in January, rather than spreading the payments throughout 1963. Such a move, said the President, should "provide a needed boost to the economy."

► Granted the Senate Foreign Relations Committee authority to review the tax returns from 1950 through 1960 of individuals or firms representing foreign governments in the U.S. The committee has been investigating the influence of lawyers, lobbyists and public relations firms on U.S. policies and lawmaking.

► Ordered, in a final burst of holiday spirit, a four-day Christmas weekend with full pay for all federal employees not needed for duty on Monday, Dec. 24.

► Reappointed Robert Morgenthau, unsuccessful Democratic candidate for Governor of New York, to the post of U.S. Attorney for the Southern District of New York—the job Morgenthau quit nearly three months ago to make the sacrificial race against Nelson Rockefeller.

The First Family

A leading Chicago store reported sales as "phenomenal"—the hottest selling item in 14 years. In Atlanta a distributor was going out to greet plane shipments at 2:30 in the morning. A Dallas distributor was biting his nails waiting for his order of 30,000 copies. In Washington another distributor crowed: "It's beyond our entire experience, and we've been in business 15 years!" Said a Miamian: "Like people are going crazy, man! The demand exceeds our supply by the thousands—I don't mean hundreds, I mean thousands!" Said a Boston record man: "I'm not even answering my phone any more."

Wispy & Whispy. All the hustle and hubbub was about an LP platter called *The First Family*, starring a young (26) comic named Vaughn Meader, who does a frequently riotous impersonation of Jack Kennedy. Meader's intonation, rhythm and broad Bostonian accent are good enough to fool any Jacqueline. The series of skits that comprise the record also include a wonderfully wispy, whispy impersonation of Jackie herself, played by Naomi Brossart. Most of it is not wit but gags, and the gags are not all top-drawer, though they are greeted as such by one of those irritating studio audiences ready to laugh loudly on cue. It's the Kennedy sound that saves it.

In an after-dinner conversation, conducted like a press conference, Jackie asks why "you didn't touch your salad." Replies Jack: "Well, let me say this about that. Now number one in my opinion the uh fault does not lie as much with the salad as it does with the uh dressing being used on the salad. Now let me say that I have nothing against the dairy industry. However, I would prefer that uh in the



MIMIC MEADER
Sales were moving forward.

future we stuck to coleslaw." At bedtime, Jackie complains: "Family, family, family. Jack, there's just too much family. Can't we ever get away alone?" Jack: "Tomorrow. I uh promise tomorrow we'll go away together. No more family for a while. Now I promise. Now uh turn off the light . . . Good night Jackie . . . Good night Bobby . . . Good night Ethel . . . [Voices]: Good night Peter . . . Good night Caroline . . . Good night Teddy . . ."

One of the Few. To the house nurse, who complains that Caroline's and Baby John's toys are getting mixed up in the bathtub, Jack explains: "Yes, well, let me make a judgment about that. Now the uh following toys have been appropriated for tub use: 18 PT boats, three uh Yogi

Bear uh beach balls, two Howdy Doody plastic uh bouncing clowns, a ball of uh Silly Putty and a rubber swan. Now, let me make a uh judgment on the dispersal of these items. Nine of the PT boats, two of the Yogi Bear uh beach balls, the uh ball of Silly Putty belong to uh Caroline. Nine of the PT boats, one of the Yogi uh Bear uh beach balls and the uh two Howdy Doody plastic bouncing clowns are Baby John's . . . The rubber swan is mine."

By last week, *The First Family*, made by Cadence Records Inc., had become one of the wackiest hits in U.S. history, with orders rushing way beyond 1,000,000 copies in the two weeks it has been on the market. According to White House Press Secretary Pierre Salinger, the President has not yet heard the recording. If so, he will shortly be one of the few Americans who haven't.

LABOR

Jimmy Wins Again

Teamsters Boss Jimmy Hoffa might not win any national popularity contests. But when it comes to elections within his union, he is usually unbeatable.

The latest anti-Hoffa effort came last week in the Philadelphia area, where a group of rank-and-file rebels sought to win a National Labor Relations Board election, take 8,000 members of Local 107 and three other locals out of the Teamsters and into the A.F.L.-C.I.O. The Hoffa forces were headed by ham-fisted Raymond Cohen, 55, for eight years 107's secretary-treasurer. Last August, it took more than 100 Philadelphia police and firemen to break up a pitched battle between the rebels and Cohen's followers. Since then, rebel leaders say their cars have been bombed and shot at; just before the election, four rebels said they had been clubbed by goons carrying baseball



TEAMSTERS HOFFA & COHEN
The votes were still there.

HAND WALKER—LIFE



SURVEYOR GEORGE WASHINGTON IN THE DISMAL SWAMP (1749)
Where all night long the damsel paddled in her white canoe.

hats. The outcome was predictable though the margin was surprisingly close: Hof-fa's side won the election by 3,870 votes to 3,274.

Cohen himself is not yet home free. Last week he and five others appeared in a Philadelphia court to plead not guilty to a three-year-old charge that they conspired to loot the union treasury of about \$100,000. Next month, Cohen is up for re-election. Presumably he has the muscle to win again.

VIRGINIA Swamps & Split Levels

Colonel William E. Byrd, the colonial ancestor of Virginia's Senator Harry F. Byrd, named the place the Great Dismal Swamp. After trekking through the muck and mire with a band of hardy surveyors, Byrd emerged bug-bitten almost to death (the Dismal Swamp's yellow fly, they still say, will politely lift a man's hat from his head so as to get a better bite at his ears). The swamp, straddling the Virginia-North Carolina border, just across the James River Bay from Norfolk, was nothing better than a "filthy bog," he wrote. Even birds would not fly over "this horrible desert for fear of the noisome exhalations that rise from this vast body of dirt and nastiness."

After Byrd came George Washington, who saw a chance to make a buck out of the bogs. Washington bought up a chunk of the swamp, organized a company called "Adventurers for Draining the Great Dismal Swamp," put slaves to work building a canal, which is still in use. It was profitless. Washington finally sold the land to Lighthouse Harry Lee for \$20,000, but when Lee could not meet the payments, the property reverted to Washington and was sold with Washington's estate in 1828 for \$12,000.

Where the Father of Our Country had failed, who would take a financial chance? Previews, Inc., that's who. Previews, Inc. is a real estate firm that, with associated companies, has purchased about 160,000 acres of Dismal Swamp land, is turning

some of it into farm land, hopes to sell more to housing developers for Norfolk's spreading population.

Creeping Splits. Previews, Inc.'s effort has conservationists, swamp lovers, hunters and bird watchers so mad they could swear a lepidoptera. They are lyric in their descriptions of the Great Dismal Swamp as a primeval forest of peat bog, cypress and juniper trees, of diaphanous curtains of Spanish moss, of copperhead and rattlesnake, bear, deer and mink, and of quicksand. The swamp once covered 1,500 sq. mi. But modern civilization's bulldozers have cut it down to some 600 sq. mi. Now even to the Great Dismal Swamp comes the forward tread of split-levelism.

Well, it does seem a pity. The Great Dismal Swamp story has a shuddery, compelling quality. Thomas Moore, after seeing the swamp's saucer-shaped Lake Drummond, wrote a ballad about a young man who went mad over the death of his beloved:

They made her a grave too cold and damp

For a soul so warm and true;

And she's gone to the Lake of the Dismal Swamp,

Where all night long, by a fire-fly lamp,

She paddles her white canoe.

Medicine Chest. On the fringes of the swamp live veteran trappers and guides who can recite the ballad without missing a beat, and who know every legend about the dark mysteryland. The swamp water is perfectly potable and is famed for its long-staying qualities of freshness, but it looks as if it had been pumped from an outhouse. For years, the swamp's vegetation was supposed to be an unequalled medicine chest. The pale blue hepatica, with leaves shaped like the lobes of the liver, was good for any liver disorder. Virginia Bluebell cured chest ailments. The common yellow yarrow was standard treatment for toothache.

Most magical and powerful of all was the wild flower known as St. Johnswort. Gathered on June 24 (St. John's Day), it was prominently displayed to frighten



CONSERVATIONIST HEUTTE

away witches, and the seventh son of a seventh son could accurately divine all kinds of secrets from it.

Peppers & Buttons. The Great Dismal Swamp teems with deer, great blue heron, wildcat, mink, raccoon, muskrat, quail, rabbit. One naturalist listed 52 different kinds of birds he found there. In the lake, the perch, pike and sunfish are famed for their tastiness. Most guides—all of whom, of course, go by the name of "Cap'n"—can lead the hunter to bear without any trouble. One old swamp character, in fact, insists that he can talk to bears in "Bear Latin."

Such is the lure and the magic and the profound beauty of the wilderness that the conservationists cannot understand why civilization insists on intruding. Among these is Frederic Heutte, Norfolk's superintendent of parks and forestry, and director of the city's Botanical Gardens. He would like to see U.S. Route 17, which runs along the swamp border, turned into a floral paradise. For Heutte has discovered a native stand of *gordonia lasianthus*, "one of our most prized ornamentals. Together with *clethra alnifolia*, commonly known as the sweet pepper-bush, and the button-bush, crape myrtle, oleanders and altheas, the highway would be transformed into one of the most beautiful highways in America." It would also help save what is left of the Great Dismal Swamp. This week the Department of the Interior began a survey to discover how much of the swamp might reasonably be saved for future generations, who may want to see for themselves the place where the madman and his damsel

*Are seen at the hour of midnight damp
To cross the Lake by a fire-fly lamp,
And paddle their white canoe!*

ALABAMA

"As Contagious as Corruption"

In meditative loneliness, a single customer last week sipped a beer in Chad's Twist Lounge—the only nightclub left in Phenix City (pop. 29,000), on the Alabama side of the Chattahoochee River, across from Columbus, Ga. All that day, members of the Chamber of Commerce had been stringing Christmas lights across the city's main street; a local radio station had hired a plane to bombard the town with colored pingpong balls that were exchangeable for merchandise at the million-dollar Phenix City Plaza Shopping Center; a weekly newspaper glowingly reported plans for the second annual Christmas parade, featuring "seven bands, 18 floats, clowns, entertainers, riders on horseback"; and the sounds and sights of building were everywhere. And all this good clean fun, all this civic enterprise, was taking place in what was, not too long ago, the tawdriest sin city left in the U.S.

Within the past eight years, Phenix City has gone from a Sodom to a ghost town to a bustling community with reasonably high hopes for a decent and profitable future.

Spat Upon. Long before the Civil War, Phenix City became famed as a vice town, populated mostly by crooked gamblers and diseased whores. Gunfire was all too common. In later years, slot machines lined the walls of barbershops and service stations, even sprouted on the sidewalks. Servicemen from nearby Fort Benning kept the brothels operating full tilt. Such was Phenix City's infamy that members of its high school football team were spat upon when they played out of town.

Then, in 1954, Reformer Albert L. Patterson won the Democratic nomination for Alabama attorney general on the promise to clean up Phenix City; before he could take office, he was shot to death on Phenix City's streets. (His son John won the office, later became Governor.) That tore it; public indignation followed, a grand jury went to work. By the end of the year, Phenix City's hawdyhouses were padlocked, and the National Guard was called in to burn the slot machines.

Real Thrust. Having lost its main industries, Phenix City seemed about to die. But slowly, steadily, it has risen from the ashes of its vice. Last week Phenix City was grading land for a modern river port that will become a transfer point for shipping to such major nearby cities as Atlanta and Birmingham. On blueprints or in the works are a new \$200,000 municipal building, two fire stations, a bank, an office building, a post office, a bridge, a \$3,700,000 sewer program. New schools have shot up, 20 miles of dirt streets have been paved, a health clinic building has been opened, as well as a golf club and the shopping center.

The memory of Phenix City's past gives real thrust to the new effort. Says Otis Taft, 57, a grocer and county commissioner: "Oh, we have a few who would like it the other way, but a majority want the town to be clean. We know we can't be an average town with average people

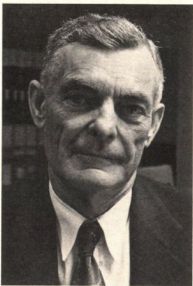
doing average things. We have to be outstanding people doing outstanding things to overcome our past." Adds Finance Commissioner James Gresham, 39: "The amazing thing about the folks of Phenix City is that they all want something a little bit better. You know, progress can be just as contagious as corruption."

CONNECTICUT

His Last Funeral

Flowers were heaped high, cops stood around the casket, and hundreds of mourners trooped by. It was a fine funeral; and Jasper McLevy, who was fond of funerals and used to attend three or four a week, would have enjoyed it. But this was Jasper's own: the man who had served almost a quarter-century as the Socialist mayor of Bridgeport, Conn., was dead at 84.

McLevy (pronounced McLeVey) was a peculiar institution in U.S. politics. A



SOCIALIST McLEVY

The aldermen still wear straw hats.

handsome although notably untidy man, he was a Socialist by label, but he had the political instincts of a Democratic ward boss and the economic views of a conservative Republican. The son of a Scottish roofer, he quit school after the eighth grade, followed his father's trade and became a Socialist after reading Edward Bellamy's *Looking Backward*. He ran for mayor nine times before he finally made the grade in 1933. Bridgeport, a drab industrial city on Long Island Sound, was then nearly bankrupt. McLevy fought school expansion, kept city salaries low (his own never topped \$9,300), held down taxes as long as he could. Much of the city's business was outlined only in his own scribbled notes, but under his regime Bridgeport achieved a triple-A credit rating.

The Answer Is No. Mayor McLevy's system was to say no to almost every spending scheme. A P.T.A. delegation

would come to see him and he met with a monologue: "I know what you want. You know I know what you want. You want a school, right? The answer is no. The interview is over." With that, he would barge out of the office, cool off over a cup of tea.

McLevy lived as frugally as did Bridgeport. When the usual police-driven squad car was first offered for his use, he barked: "Get that damn thing out of here." He wore the same shapeless brown fedora for some 15 years. His frayed shirts were usually smudged, his brown or grey suits baggy, his high-laced shoes were scuffed. His only sartorial concern was that all aldermen wear straw hats, white gloves and carry dime-store flags in the Memorial Day parade each year. They did—and still do.

A Reluctant Yes. While running Bridgeport with genuine affection (he opposed urban renewal, recalls a longtime aide, "because he resented the thought that anything in Bridgeport needed to be renewed—that would mean it wasn't perfect"), McLevy yearned for bigger things. In all he ran for public office 54 times in 58 years, including 15 times for Governor, twice for the U.S. Senate. He was always defeated for higher office, and finally even Bridgeport turned him down. The city's 25,000 schoolchildren desperately needed new buildings; its housing shortage could no longer be denied. Reluctantly, McLevy raised taxes in 1957. Ironically, the voters then turned against him, and he was unseated by 161 votes.

At his funeral, McLevy lay in a sharply pressed suit, his hair newly trimmed. "He does look much neater dead than alive," said one mourner with deep affection. "Jasper never cared much about how he looked—only what he stood for." McLevy would have agreed.

THE LAW

Not by the Clock

At the U.S. Courthouse in Manhattan's Foley Square, the defense wound up the second week of presenting its case in what has already become the longest criminal trial before a jury in any federal court. The previous record was set in 1949, when Judge Harold B. Medina, since elevated to the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Second Circuit, presided over the celebrated seven-month trial of eleven leaders of the U.S. Communist Party. The current trial was already eight months old when the Government rested its case.

The defendants—three stockbrokers, a defunct brokerage firm, and a onetime head of United Dye & Chemical Corp.—are accused of defrauding the public of \$5,000,000 in a conspiracy to sell 500,000 shares of United Dye stock through the use of false information and illegal high-pressure tactics. To date there have been more than 20,800 pages of testimony, 1,330 exhibits and 90 witnesses. Two jurors have been excused—one for illness, the other for financial hardship. Says Judge William B. Herlands patiently: "The symbol of justice is not the clock but the scales."

THE WORLD

INDIA

Never Again the Same

(See Cover)

Red China behaved in so inscrutably Oriental a manner last week that even Asians were baffled. After a series of smashing victories in the border war with India, Chinese troops swept down from the towering Himalayas and were poised at the edge of the fertile plains of Assam, whose jute and tea plantations account for one-fourth of India's export trade. Then, with Assam lying defenseless before her conquering army, Red China suddenly called a halt to the fighting.

Radio Peking announced that, "on its own initiative," Red China was ordering a cease-fire on all fronts. Further, by Dec. 1, Chinese troops would retire to positions 12½ miles behind the lines they occupied on Nov. 7, 1959. If this promise is actually carried out, it would mean, for some Chinese units, a pull-back of more than 60 miles. These decisions, Peking continued, "represent a most sincere effort" to achieve "a speedy termination of the Sino-Indian conflict, a reopening of peaceful negotiations, and a peaceful settlement of the boundary question." War or peace, the message concluded, "depends on whether or not the Indian government responds positively."

In New Delhi the government of Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru was taken completely by surprise. An Indian spokesman first denounced the Chinese offer as a "diabolical maneuver," which was later amended to the comment that India would "wait and see" exactly what the Chinese were proposing. A communiqué

confirmed that, after the cease-fire deadline, there "had been no report of firing by the Chinese aggressors." Indian troops also stopped shooting, but Nehru warned India: "We must not imagine that the struggle will soon be over."

On closer examination, the Chinese cease-fire proved to be a lot less mysterious. It did offer India's battered armies a badly needed respite. But it left the Chinese armies in position to resume their offensive if Nehru refuses the Peking terms. And it puts on India the onus of continuing the war. Said the *Hindustan Times*: "The latest Chinese proposals are not a peace offer but an ultimatum."

Whatever the results of this peace bid tendered on a bayonet, India will never be the same again, nor will Nehru.

Barren Rock. In New Delhi illusions are dying fast. Gone is the belief that Chinese expansionism need not be taken seriously, that, in Nehru's words, China could not really want to wage a major war for "barren rock." Going too, is the conviction that the Soviet Union has either the authority or the will to restrain the Chinese Communists. Nehru's policy of nonalignment, which was intended to free India from any concern with the cold war between the West and Communism, was ending in disaster. Nearly shattered was the morally arrogant pose from which he had endlessly lectured the West on the need for peaceful coexistence with Communism. Above all, the Indian people, fiercely proud of their nationhood, have been deeply humiliated and shaken by the hated Chinese.

India, which is equally capable of philosophical calm and hysterical violence, showed, in the words of President Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan, a "great soul-awakening such as it has never had in all its history." The awakening took some curious forms. The Buddhist nuns and monks of Ladakh devoted themselves to writing an "immortal epic" of India's fight against Chinese aggression. A temple in the south Indian state of Andhra Pradesh converted its 85-lb. gold treasury into 15-year defense bonds, while New Delhi bank clerks shined shoes outside a restaurant after hours and gave their earnings to the government, men jammed the enlistment centers and showered Nehru with pledges to fight signed in blood.

The 73-year-old Nehru gave the impression of being swept along by this tumult, not of leading it. His agony was apparent as he rose in Parliament, three days before the Chinese cease-fire announcement, to report that the Indian army had been decisively defeated at Se Pass and Walong. The news raised a storm among the M.P.s. A Deputy from the threatened Assam

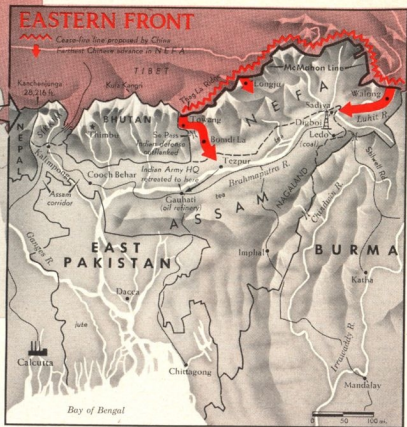
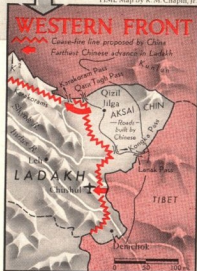
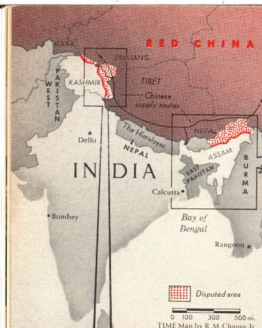


ARTILLERY HAULED IN THE SE PASS
Everything needed, except courage.

LARRY BURGESS—LIFE



VOLUNTEERS DRILLING IN TEZPUR
Everything offered, including gold, blood and epics.



state was on his feet, shaking with indignation and demanding, "What is the government going to do? Why can't you tell us? Are we going to get both men and materials from friendly countries to fight a total war, or is the government contemplating a cease-fire and negotiations with the Chinese?" Other gesturing Deputies joined in, shouting their questions in English and Hindi. "Are we nothing?" cried one Praja Socialist member. "Is the Prime Minister everything?"

While the Speaker asked repeatedly for order, Nehru sat chin in hand, obviously scornful of this display of Indian excitability, his abstracted gaze fixed on nothing. Finally Nehru rose again and tried to quiet the uproar by saying, "We shall take every conceivable and possible measure to meet the crisis. We are trying to get all possible help from friendly countries."

Attic Burglar. His critics accused him of still clinging to the language of non-alignment. Later, in a radio speech in which he announced the fall of Bomdi La,

Nehru sounded tougher. He no longer defended his old policies, denounced China as "an imperialist of the worst kind," and at last thanked the U.S. and Britain by name for arms aid, pledging to ask for more.

Nehru was coming close to admitting that he had at last discovered who were India's friends. The neutral nations, which so often looked to India for leadership in the past, were mostly embarrassingly silent or unsympathetic—a government-controlled newspaper in Ghana dismissed the war as "an ordinary border dispute." As for Russia, its ambiguously neutral position, argued Nehru, was the best India could hope for under the circumstances. Actually, Nehru had obviously hoped for more, and was shocked when, instead of helping India, Moscow denounced India's border claims and urged Nehru to accept the Red Chinese terms.

As India's poorly equipped army reeled under the Chinese blows, the West moved swiftly and without recrimination to India's defense. Shortly after the Chinese attack, frantic Indian officers simply drove round to the U.S. embassy with their pleas for arms and supplies. Eventually their requests were coordinated. During the tense week of the Cuban crisis, U.S. Ambassador to India Kenneth Galbraith was virtually on his own, and he promised Nehru full U.S. backing.

When Washington finally turned its attention to India, it honored the ambassador's pledge, loaded 60 U.S. planes with

\$5,000,000 worth of automatic weapons, heavy mortars and land mines. Twelve huge C-130 Hercules transports, complete with U.S. crews and maintenance teams, took off for New Delhi to fly Indian troops and equipment to the battle zone. Britain weighed in with Bren and Sten guns, and airlifted 150 tons of arms to India. Canada prepared to ship six transport planes. Australia opened Indian credits for \$1,800,000 worth of munitions.

Assistant Secretary of State Phillips Talbot graphically defined the U.S. mission. "We are not seeking a new ally," he said. "We are helping a friend whose attic has been entered by a burglar." In Washington's opinion, it mattered little that the burglar gratuitously offered to move back from the stairs leading to the lower floors and promised not to shoot any more of the house's inhabitants. "What we want," said Talbot, "is to help get the burglar out."

To that end, a U.S. mission headed by Assistant Secretary of State for Far Eastern Affairs Averell Harriman and U.S. Army General Paul D. Adams flew to New Delhi to confer with Indian officials on defense requirements. Soon after, Britain's Commonwealth Secretary Duncan Sandys arrived with a similar British mission. Their most stunning discovery: after five years under Nehru's hand-picked Defense Minister, Krishna Menon, the Indian army was lamentably short of ammunition even for its antiquated Lee Enfield rifles.

Misbehaving People. So far, the fighting has shown that the Indians need nearly everything, except courage. Chinese burp guns fire 20 times faster than Indian rifles. The Indian 25-pounder is a good artillery piece, but is almost immobile in the mountains and cannot match the Chinese pack artillery, recoilless guns and bazookas. Each Chinese battalion has a special company of porters whose job it is to make sure the fighting men have ample ammunition and food. The Indians must rely on units from their unwieldy Army Service Corps, who were never trained to operate at heights of 14,000 feet and over mule paths. In addition to bulldozers and four-wheel-drive trucks, the Indians need mechanical saws that can match the speed of those the Chinese use to cut roads through forests.

India's catastrophic unreadiness for war stems directly from the policy of non-alignment which was devised by Nehru and implemented by his close confidant Krishna Menon. Says one Indian editor: "Nonalignment is no ideology. It is an idiosyncrasy."

Indians like to say that it resembles the isolationism formerly practiced by the U.S., but it has moral overtones which, Nehru claims, grow out of "Indian culture and our philosophic outlook." Actually, it owes as much to Nehru's rather old-fashioned, stereotyped, left-wing attitudes acquired during the '20s and '30s ("He still remembers all those New Statesmen leaders," says one bitter critic) as it does to Gandhian notions of non-violence. Nehru has never been able to rid himself of the disastrous cliché that holds Communism to be somehow progressive and less of a threat to emergent nations than "imperialism."

Nehru himself has said: "Nonalignment essentially means live and let live—but of course this doesn't include people who misbehave." During its 15 years of independence, India has dealt severely with the misbehavior of several slavishly tolerant, but has been almost slavishly tolerant of Communist misbehavior.

The Communist Chinese invasion of Korea was "aggression," but the West was also "not blameless"; the crushing of the Hungarian rebellion was unfortunate, but all the facts were not clear; when the Soviet Union broke the nuclear test moratorium last year, Nehru deplored "all nuclear tests."

Like a Buddha. Yet in its way, non-alignment paid enormous dividends. India received massive aid from both Russia and the West. Getting on India's good side became almost the most important thing in the United Nations. At intervals, the rest of the world's statesmen came to India to pay obeisance to Nehru as though to a Buddha. And Nehru obviously believed that whatever he did, in case of real need the U.S. would have to help India anyway. Meanwhile, as he saw it, the object of his foreign policy was to prevent the two great Asian powers—Russia and China—from combining against India. In his effort to woo both, acerbic Krishna Menon, says one Western

diplomat, "was worth the weight of four or five ordinary men. He was so obnoxious to the West that, almost alone, he could demonstrate the sincerity of India's neutrality to the Russians."

At the 1955 Bandung conference, Nehru and China's Premier Chou En-lai embraced *Panch Shila*, a five-point formula for peaceful coexistence. The same Indian crowds that now shout, "Wipe out Chink stink!" then roared "*Hindi Chini bhai bhai*" (Indians and Chinese are brothers). India refused to sign the peace treaty with Japan because Red China was not a party to it. At home, Menon harped on the theme that Pakistan was India's only enemy. Three years ago, when Pakistan proposed a joint defense pact with India, Nehru ingeniously asked, "Joint defense against whom?" Western warnings about China's ultimate intentions were brushed aside as obvious attempts to stir up trouble between peace-loving friends.

Even the Chinese conquest of Tibet



NEHRU & CHOU EN-LAI (1957)
No more *Hindi Chini bhai bhai*.

in 1951 had rung no alarm bells in New Delhi—and therein lie the real beginnings of the present war.

Initialed Map. Under the British raj, London played what Lord Curzon called "the great game." Its object was to protect India's northern borders from Russia by fostering semi-independent buffer states like Nepal, Bhutan and Sikkim. In those palmy colonial days, Tibet was militarily insignificant, and China, which claims overlordship of Tibet, was usually too weak to exercise it.

When the Chinese Republic of Sun Yat-sen was born in 1912, Britain decided to look to its borders. At a three-nation meeting in Simla in 1914, Britain's representative, Sir Arthur McMahon, determined the eastern portion of the border by drawing a line on a map along the Himalayan peaks from Bhutan to Burma. The Tibetan and Chinese delegates ini-

tialed this map, but the newborn Chinese Republic refused to ratify it, and so has every Chinese government since.

The McMahon Line was never surveyed or delimited on the ground, and British troops seldom penetrated the NEFA hill country, where such tribes as the Apatanis, the Tagins and the Hill Miris amused themselves by slave-raiding and head-hunting. As recently as 1953, the Dalai wiped out a detachment of the Assam Rifles just for the fun of it.

At the western end of the border, in Ladakh, the British made even less of an effort at marking the frontier, and the border with Tibet has generally been classified as "undefined." Red China was most interested in Ladakh's northeastern corner, where lies the Aksai Chin plateau, empty of nearly everything but rocks, sky and silence. For centuries, a caravan route wound through the Aksai Chin (one reason the Chinese say the plateau is theirs is that Aksai Chin means "China's Desert of White Stone"), leading from Tibet around the hump of the lofty Kunlun range to the Chinese province of Sinkiang. In 1956 and 1957 the Chinese built a paved road over the caravan trail, and so lightly did Indian border police patrol the area that New Delhi did not learn about the road until two years after it was built.

Time Immemorial. Firing off a belated protest to Peking, India rushed troops into the endangered area, where they at once collided with Chinese outposts. Attempts at negotiation broke down because India demanded that the Chinese first withdraw to Tibet, while the Chinese insisted that Aksai Chin, and much more besides in NEFA and Ladakh, was historically Chinese territory. Neither side has basically changed its position since.

On Oct. 25, strong Chinese patrols began penetrating the NEFA border, occupying Longju and Towang and threatening Walong. For once, Nehru was badly shaken. He said: "From time immemorial the Himalayas have provided us with a magnificent frontier. We cannot allow that barrier to be penetrated because it is also the principal barrier to India." But the barrier was being daily penetrated. Ten months ago, Nehru appointed Lieut. General Brij Kaul, 50, to command the NEFA area. Then, without consulting any of his military men, Nehru publicly ordered Kaul to drive out the Chinese invaders of NEFA.

The opposing armies were of unequal size, skill and equipment. The Chinese force of some 110,000 men was commanded by General Chang Kuo-hua, 54, a short, burly veteran of the Communist Party and Communist wars, who well understands Mao Tse-tung's dictum, "All political power grows out of the barrel of a gun." His army is made up of three-year conscripts from central China, but its officers and noncoms are largely proven cadres who served with distinction in the Korean war. The infantry is armed with a Chinese-made burp gun with not very great accuracy but good fire power, hand



CHAUDHURI & CHAVAN
Cost in a different mold.

grenades, submachine guns and rifles. The light and heavy mortars, which have a surprising range, are also Chinese made, but the heavy artillery, tanks and planes are mostly of Soviet manufacture.

The Indian forces number some 500,000, but fewer than 100,000 men were committed to the Red border area—the bulk of the army, and many of its best units, being kept on guard duty in Kashmir watching the Pakistanis. A strictly volunteer army, with the men serving five-year terms, it drew its troops largely from the warrior races of the north—Jats, Sikhs, Gurkhas, Dogras, Garhwals. Over the past century, the Indian army has fought from France to China, and has usually fought excellently, whether pitted against Pathan guerrillas, Nazi panzer grenadiers or Japanese suicide squads. In the 1947-48 war in Kashmir, the Indians were fighting a British-trained Pakistani army very like themselves. Since independence, the Indian army has not encountered a really first-rate foe. The guerrilla war with the rebellious Naga tribesmen of Eastern Assam and the walk-over in Goa were little more than training exercises.

Infinite Testiness. For the past five years, the Indian army has also been plagued by Defense Minister Krishna Menon, who was both economy-minded and socialistically determined to supply the troops from state-run arsenals, most of which exist only as blueprints. Sharing Nehru's distrust of what he calls the "arms racket," Menon was reluctant to buy weapons abroad, and refused to let private Indian firms bid on defense contracts. Menon's boasts of Indian creativity in arms development have been revealed as shoddy deceptions. A prototype of an Indian jet fighter plane proved unable to break the sound barrier. Even the MIG-21 planes that the Soviet Union has promised to deliver in December are of questionable value, since jet fighters are useless without an intricate ground-support system, which India is in no position to set up.

A man of infinite testiness, Menon was soon squabbling with independent-minded generals. Lieut. General Shankar Thorat and Commander in Chief General K. S. Thimayya appealed to Nehru against Menon's promotion policies. When Nehru, who has long scorned the British-trained officers as men who "did not understand India," refused to listen to complaints about Menon, both generals retired from the army in disgust. Menon named as new commander in chief P. N. Thapar, a "paperwork general."

Skyward Zigzag. Before Kaul had a chance to try and "clear out" the Chinese in NEFA, the Chinese struck first on Oct. 20. Some 20,000 burp-gun-toting infantry stormed over Thag La ridge and swept away a 5,000-man Indian brigade strung out along the Kechilang River. The surprise was complete, and dazed survivors of the Chinese attack struggled over the pathless mountains, where hundreds died of exposure. In Ladakh the Chinese scored an even bigger victory, occupying the entire 14,000 square miles that Peking claims is Chinese territory.

While the Indians worked to build up a new defense line at Walong and in the lofty Se Pass, reinforcements were hurried to Assam. The effort to bring up men and supplies from the plains was backbreaking. TIME Correspondent Edward Behr made the trip over a Jeep path that was like a roller coaster 70 miles long and nearly three miles high. He reports: "The Jeep path begins at Tezpur, amid groves of banana and banyan trees, then climbs steeply upward through forests of oak and pine to a 10,000-ft. summit. Here the path plunges dizzily downward to the supply base of Bomdi La on a 5,000-ft. plateau, and then zigzags skyward again to the mist-hung Se Pass at 13,556 ft. Above the hairpin turns of the road rise sheer rock walls; below lie bottomless chasms. Rain and snow come without warning, turning the path to slippery mud. Even under the best conditions, a Jeep takes 18 hours to cover the 70 miles.

"At this height, icy winds sweep down from the snow crests of the Himalayas, and if a man makes the slightest exertion, his lungs feel as if they are bursting. Newcomers suffer from the nausea and lightheadedness of mountain sickness. Every item of supply, except water, must be brought up the roller coaster from the plains. There are few bits of earth flat enough for an airstrip, and helicopters have trouble navigating in the thin air."

Shell Plaster. After three weeks, Kaul felt emboldened to make a probing attack on the Chinese lines. Following an artillery barrage, 1,000 Indian jawans (G.I.s) drove the Chinese from the lower slopes of a hill near Walong. It was a costly victory, for the Chinese launched a massive counterattack through and around Walong, driving the Indians 80 miles down the Luhit valley. At Se Pass, the Chinese victory was even more spectacular. Having spotted the Indian gun emplacements, the Chinese plastered them with mortar and artillery shells, and then sent forward a Korea-style "human sea" assault. Two Chinese flanking columns of several thou-

sand men each moved undetected and with bewildering speed through deep gorges and over 14,000-ft. mountains around the pass to capture the Indian supply base at Bomdi La, trapping an Indian division and throwing India's defense plans into chaos.

Panic spread from the mountains into the plains. Officials in Tezpur burned their files, and bank managers even set fire to stacks of banknotes. Five hundred prisoners were set free from Tezpur jail. Refugees jammed aboard ferry boats to get across the Brahmaputra River. Even policemen joined the flight.

Indian army headquarters was hastily moved from Tezpur to Gauhati, 100 miles to the southwest. Officers and men who had escaped from the fighting referred dazedly to the Chinese as swarming everywhere "like red ants." An Indian colonel admitted, "We just haven't been taught this kind of warfare."

Needed Intellect. Though India—like the U.S. after Pearl Harbor—could not yet afford scapegoats and recrimination, Defense Minister Krishna Menon was almost universally blamed for the inadequacy of Indian arms, the lack of equipment and even winter clothing. His fall from grace not only finished his own career but brought a turning point in Nehru's. The Prime Minister had tried to pacify critics by taking over the Defense Ministry and downgrading Menon to Minister of Defense Production, but Nehru's own supporters demanded Menon's complete dismissal.

On Nov. 7, Nehru attended an all-day meeting of the Executive Committee of the parliamentary Congress Party and made a final plea for Menon, whose intellect, he said, was needed in the crisis.



KRISHNA MENON
Ten clenched fists said "No!"

E. S. SATTAN

As a participant recalls it, ten clenched fists banged down on the table, a chorus of voices shouted, "No!"

Nehru was dumfounded. It was he who was used to banging tables and making peremptory refusals. Taking a different tack, he accurately said that he was as much at fault as Menon and vaguely threatened to resign. Always before, such a threat had been sufficient to make the opposition crumble with piteous cries of "Panditji, don't leave us alone!" This time, one of the leaders said: "If you continue to follow Menon's policies, we are prepared to contemplate that possibility." Nehru was beaten and Menon thrown out of the Cabinet. Joining him in his exit was Menon's appointee, Commander in Chief General P. N. Thapar, who resigned because of "poor health."

The Defense Department at once, but belatedly, got a new look and a firmer tone. Impatient of turgid oratory and military fumbling, all India turned with relief to the new Defense Minister, Y. B. Chavan. A big man in every sense of the word—including his burly 200 lbs.—Chavan served for six years as Chief Minister of Bombay, the richest and most industrialized Indian state. The army's new commander in chief, Lieut. General J. N. Chaudhuri, the "Victor of Goa," who also saw action in World War II campaigns in the Middle East and Burma, is a close friend of Chavan's.

Though a socialist and a onetime disciple of Nehru, Chavan is cast in a different mold. Once a terrorist against the British and a proud member of the Kshatriya warrior caste, Chavan says: "There can be no negotiations with an aggressor." Unlike Nehru, who still maintains that China's attack is not necessarily connected with Communism, Chavan declared: "The first casualties of the unashamed aggression of the Chinese on India are Marxism and Leninism."

Old Twinkle. There has been some grumbling that Nehru is no wartime leader. At 73, he often seems physically and mentally spent. His hair is snow-white and thinning, his skin greyish and his gaze abstracted. Since the invasion, he has not spared himself, and his sister, Mme. Pandit, thinks Nehru is "fighting fit—he's got that old twinkle in his eye." But he tires noticeably as the day goes on. One old friend says, "It makes a big difference whether you see him in the morning or the evening."

No one seriously suggests that Nehru will be replaced as India's leader while he lives. To his country, he is not a statesman but an idol. Each morning, large crowds assemble on the lawn outside his New Delhi home. Some present petitions or beg favors, but thousands, in recent weeks, have handed over money or gold dust for the national defense. Most come just to achieve *darshan*, communion, with the country's leader. The throng is comforted and reassured, not by the words, but by the presence of Nehru.

His widowed daughter, Indira Gandhi, 45, who is functioning as his assistant and has sometimes been mentioned as his favorite choice to succeed him, is still

essentially right when she says: "Unity can only be formed in India behind the Congress Party, and in the Congress Party only behind my father."

Nevertheless, Nehru's power will be circumscribed from now on. His long years of unquestioned, absolute personal rule are at an end. For the first time, leaders of the ruling Congress Party are demanding that attention be paid to the majority sentiment in the party as well as to Nehru's own ideas. The 437 million people of India may cease being Nehru's children and may at last become his constituents.

This does not mean that Nehru no longer leads, but only that from now on he will have to lead by using the more

rebellious Nagas in East Assam, and in the border state of Sikkim. Reaching Calcutta, perhaps the world's most miserable city, where 125,000 homeless persons sleep on the streets each night, they would find readymade the strongest Communist organization in India. According to this theory, the Reds could set up a satellite regime in the Bay of Bengal and, without going any farther with their armies, wait for the rest of India to splinter and fall. This strategy has not necessarily been abandoned for good, but it certainly has been set aside. For one thing, the Chinese attack shattered Communism as a political force even in Calcutta.

The prevailing theory now is that the Chinese had less ambitious aims to begin



U.S. MILITARY SUPPLIES UNLOADED AT CALCUTTA
Discovering who one's friends are.

orthodox methods of a Western politician. Conservative members of the Congress Party, notably Finance Minister Morarji Desai, have been strengthened, and expect that Nehru's dogmatic reliance on socialism and the "public sector" of industry will be reduced; if India is to arm in a hurry, they argue, it will need the drive and energy of the "private sector."

Moreover, the Indian army may not only at last get the equipment it needs but may also gradually emerge as something of a political force. While this view is still vastly unpopular, many army officers think it is time for India to come to terms with Pakistan over the nagging Kashmir issue, so that the two great countries of the subcontinent can present a united front to China.

Bartered Gains. There is still considerable dispute over how little or how much the Chinese were after in their attack on India. One theory held by some leading Indian military men is that the Reds want eventually to drive as far as Calcutta, thereby outflanking all of Southeast Asia. In such a drive, the Chinese would be able to take advantage of anti-Indian feeling along the way, notably among the

with: to take the high ground and the key military passes away from the Indians, and to finally establish, once and for all, Chinese control of the Aksai Chin plateau in Ladakh, so as to safeguard the vital military roads to Sinking province. The Chinese may have been unprepared to exploit the almost total collapse of India's armed forces and may even have been surprised by their swift success. On this reading, the terms of the Chinese cease-fire offer become intelligible. The Nov. 7 line would in effect barter away the sizable Chinese gains in NEFA for Indian acceptance of China's property rights in Aksai Chin.

Viewed from Peking, the difficulties of supply through the Himalayas in dead of winter might make the Communists hesitate to try to occupy Assam, especially since India's determined show of national unity, and the West's evident willingness to support India to the hilt. There is a significant indication of one Chinese anxiety in the cease-fire offer. After warning that renewed war will "bring endless disaster to India," Peking says: "Particularly serious is the prospect that if U.S. imperialism is allowed to

become involved, the present conflict will grow into a war in which Asians are made to fight Asians, entirely contrary to the fundamental interests of the Indian people." Implicit in those words are Red Chinese memories of the prolonged Korean war, which ended in a gory stalemate.

India's angry millions, armed, trained and aided by the U.S., must be a prospect that not even Mao Tse-tung relishes facing. Instead, by in effect quitting while they are ahead, the Chinese can play the peacemakers in the short-sighted eyes of the neutral nations, while having dramatically demonstrated their military superiority over India and without having to abandon the long-range threat. Says Madame Pandit: "This attack was far more than just an attack on one border. India is completely and wholly dedicated to democracy and not to some kind of 'Asian democracy.' China's motive was to humiliate India and to prove democracy is unworkable in Asia."

Without Meaning. Even if Nehru were prepared to give away Ladakh in return for a Chinese pullback elsewhere, he is committed to clearing all Indian territory of the invaders. And Nehru must know that the situation has reached a point where he can never again trust a Red Chinese promise and that the relationship between India and China has changed irrevocably. His policy of nonalignment has not been jettisoned. It has just ceased to have any meaning.

But Americans in New Delhi last week were irritated by evidence that the Indian government still prefers equivocation to the plain truth. Official requests went out to the Indian press not to print photos showing the arrival of U.S. arms, and the twelve U.S. Air Force transport planes sent by Washington to ferry Indian troops were made to sound like leased aircraft flown by mercenaries. The crowds know better. A current slogan is a revision of the earlier cry for brotherhood with China: "*Americans bhai bhai; Chini hai hai!*" (Americans are our brothers; death to the Chinese!).

An Indian Cabinet minister, who disagrees with Nehru politically but respects him, says passionately: "He will come to many changes now. You cannot imagine how difficult it was for him to get rid of Menon. Do not think it was easy for him to ask for American arms. Right now, it is important not to push him into a corner in public." Another Cabinet minister, who does not like Nehru, also counsels patience: "His will to resist will wear down. It is already worn down a long way. Hitherto, there was no opposition at all in India. Now, Nehru is relying on his opposition. He may hate it. He has been thrown into the company of people like me, people he does not like. We make strange bedfellows, but together we are going to win the war."

To Americans it may sound like a peculiar way to win a war. But though India moves at a different pace and speaks with a different voice few could doubt last week the Indian determination to see that the Himalayan defeats were avenged, however long it may take.

PAKISTAN

"In Anguish, Not Anger"

While Red China's aggression was pushing India away from its historic policy of nonalignment, it had the ironic counter-effect of nudging once staunchly pro-Western Pakistan toward neutralism.

Pakistan seemed far less concerned with the fact that the Chinese invasion posed a real threat to its own frontiers than with how the crisis would affect its bitter and longstanding dispute with India over control of Kashmir. Bitterly, Pakistan pointed to the crack Indian divisions still positioned along the U.N. cease-fire line as proof that India was exaggerating the extent of the Chinese incursions. Echoing influential Pakistani officials who labeled India the "aggressor" in the border conflict, President Ayub Khan said that "international Communism" was far less of a danger to Pakistan than "Hindu imperialism," and that India was "inflating the present situation beyond proportion to get arms" from the U.S. and Britain.

Understandably enough, the Pakistanis feel that they might as well not have joined SEATO, since the unaligned Indians are getting arms from the U.S. without having had to join any alliances. Pakistan also argues that if Washington and London expected it to accept Indian rearmament and not to take advantage of India's plight to invade Kashmir, then Nehru should have been required in turn to promise to settle the Kashmir issue. Although the U.S. got an Indian promise that the new arms would not be used against Pakistan, Ayub's government refused to be reassured. Ayub warned Washington that its continued support of Nehru might force him to withdraw from both SEATO and CENTO, if they should prove "of no use" to Pakistan any longer.

Ayub was strongly seconded by his Foreign Minister, Mohammed Ali. Speaking "in anguish, not anger," Ali told the National Assembly that "in the national interest we shall make friends—whenever is interested to accept our hand. If friends let us down, we shall not consider them as friends. Friends that stand by us, we will stand by." He did not have to look far for new friends. From Peking came

an offer from Chou En-lai for a nonaggression pact between Red China and Pakistan, as well as an invitation to Ali to visit the Chinese capital to discuss arbitration of the border problems between the two countries. With almost indecent haste, Ali accepted the invitation.

COMMUNISTS

The Split Is Real

Radio Peking grew so angry with the Russians over their withdrawal from Cuba that it used a new technique for its philippics: each sentence was followed by a burst of martial music. With or without brass accompaniment, the discord between Moscow and Peking reached a crescendo last week, and no one any longer pretended harmony. In Budapest, addressing a congress of the Hungarian Communist Party, Moscow Delegate Otto Kuusinen, 81, oldest member of Khrushchev's Presidium, denounced a Red Chinese visitor two seats away: "Big-mouthed extreme leftist critics are bravely brandishing their verbal weapons before world imperialism." But when the chips were down in Cuba, Kuusinen added, those who "beat their breasts were incapable of giving the slightest practical help to revolutionary Cuba."

The man from Peking, who two weeks ago in Sofia had witnessed a purge of Red Chinese sympathizers and Stalinists in the Bulgarian Communist Party, would not be shouted down. The revisionists, he shot back, as usual using Tito as a synonym for Khrushchev, were "despicable traitors of the working class."

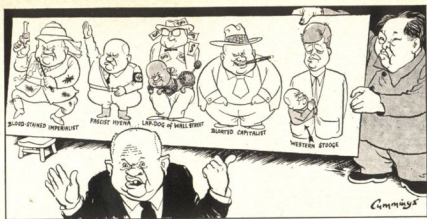
Since Russia pulled back in Cuba and the Red Chinese marched into India, the Sino-Soviet split had widened into a chasm. It will probably remain unbridgeable for a long time to come. In Belgrade, U.S. Ambassador George F. Kennan predicted that the rift "is on the verge of coming into the open, in the same way that Moscow's fight with Belgrade did in 1948."

It was easier to see the split than to know how to exploit it. British Foreign Secretary Lord Home was heard last week to predict that "some time, sooner rather than later, it will be revealed to the lead-



TURNABOUT: AN INDIAN VIEW OF PAKISTAN
"No, Doctor, I still don't see a thing..."

KUTTY—HINDUSTAN TIMES



CUMMINGS—(LONDON DAILY EXPRESS)

"BAH! YOU CAN'T EXPECT ANYTHING ELSE BUT LIVING PROPAGANDA—
FROM A DIRTY COMMUNIST LIKE MAO!"

ers of Russia that her ties are with the West." But this kind of choosing favorites between two countries that are insistently Communist may have the unintended effect of compelling Moscow to get tougher again in order to counteract some of its Peking critics and to prove it has not sold out.

Nevertheless, fierce competition for dominance in the Communist world is a fact. There is no doubt that the Chinese would like to topple Khrushchev if they could. So far they have had precious few successes, though they are doing their best in world propaganda to show how resolute they are in India, how weak Khrushchev has been in Cuba. The belligerent and Spartan Peking line, perhaps required by Red China's own economic misery, may have some impact on the most doctrinaire of Communists around the world, but it is a backward and dated dogma that probably has less appeal than Khrushchev's optimistic promises of a better life and peaceful victory over capitalism. Still, should both the better life and cold war victories continue to elude Russia, the Peking line might find more adherents.

Until recently, it could be said of Moscow and China, as German Field Marshal Moltke said of his own armies, that they marched separately but hit together. They no longer do. Moscow's Cuban pullback and China's invasion of India almost certainly happened without consultation. They may be stuck with each other's actions, but they no longer seem to coordinate them in advance. In the future, it will be up to Western strategists to take advantage of the fact that, while Russia and China can do immense harm separately, they are as of now neither marching nor hitting together.

RUSSIA

Those Clever Capitalists

As Nikita Khrushchev remembered it last week, Stalin warned his colleagues: "If I die, you will all perish; the imperialists will strangle you." But, added Khrushchev with somewhat muted optimism, "We aren't dead; we are living and working and even pressing on imperialism."

Khrushchev's audience was the plenum

of the party's Central Committee, gathered in Moscow to discuss the mess in the Soviet economy. As usual when he needs support, Khrushchev revived memories of the awful Stalin. He was, said Khrushchev, "afraid of the people and locked himself in an armored box." He also shut himself off from the outside world. "The idea was vigorously inculcated that everything of ours is utterly ideal and everything foreign is utterly bad. We should remember Lenin's advice to be able, if necessary, to learn from the capitalists, to imitate the clever and useful things they have."

Divided Authority. The present Communist Party organization, complained Khrushchev in a 5½-hour speech, is "a drag" on production. To stop the drag, he proposed still another major reorganization, this one to divide the entire party apparatus and each of the Soviet Union's 15 federated republics into two parallel chains of command. One set of committees will supervise agriculture; the other will supervise industry. This runs counter to Communist dogma that divisions between city and country should be erased, but Khrushchev obviously hopes that it will make for greater efficiency.

While up to now the Russian economy was organized horizontally by territories, it will henceforth be organized vertically by functions. Thus the Kremlin intends to squelch remaining nationalistic rivalries within Russia. For example, a new Central Asiatic Bureau will be set up in Moscow to plan economic development in four primitive regions, in the one more attempt to take away the vestiges of autonomy they still enjoy.

Khrushchev also drastically reduced the powers of Gosplan, the government planning body that he blames for most of Russia's economic failures, and established a new agency, the Council of the National Economy, headed by Economic Boss Veniamin E. Dymshits. Khrushchev also set up a new national construction monopoly designed to eliminate the squandering of money and labor in regional building projects. Almost equally wasteful, complained Khrushchev, are bribery and theft by "leading officials," who stole \$61 million in money and materials during the first six months of the

year. To fight such economic crimes, Khrushchev ordered the creation of a top-level committee staffed by trained inspectors and volunteer snoops.

Melting Copper. To save money, Khrushchev seemed ready to start a modern wave of iconoclasm: "You know how irrationally we use metal on various monuments to satisfy philistine tastes. We pay gold to buy copper abroad. If Lenin would rise up he would say: 'Our great cause is not ennobled by monuments.' Let us issue a call for removing copper where it is unnecessary, and let us melt it down for more important things."

To inject fresh money into ailing agriculture, next year's budget will allocate \$4.4 billion for farm investment, a 30% increase. Even so, economic priorities, said Khrushchev, will remain the same: heavy industry, armaments, the space race.

Though Khrushchev was aiming his attack at unnecessary and inefficient administration, the overall result of his measures should be a sharp increase in bureaucracy. That, many economists think, is precisely the opposite of what Russia needs to achieve a modern and efficient economy. Kharkov's Professor Evsey Liberman has been arguing for months for a new plan that would give local plant managers more autonomy and would in effect give Russian industry a profit incentive. In his speech, Khrushchev referred to the plan without condemning or endorsing it, which means that it will go back to the experts for more study. Khrushchev obviously is not ready to go all out in embracing the profit motive, however much he is ready to learn from the capitalists.

WEST GERMANY

Bavarian Sacrifice?

For a time, it looked as if Chancellor Konrad Adenauer's political foes might at last have the pleasure of seeing the Old Man forced out of office. The scandal over the arrest and jailing of Publisher Rudolf Augstein and the top editors of the news-magazine *Der Spiegel* (TIME, Nov. 9) had blown up into a national tempest, rocking the Cabinet itself. But in his half-century of political maneuvering, *der Alte* has learned what it takes to survive. Last week he squeaked through again—with a plan that probably will sacrifice his brawny, brawling Minister of Defense Franz Josef Strauss, the man widely blamed for organizing the clumsy crackdown on Augstein's magazine.

Everybody Out. Adenauer was not conceding that there had been anything wrong about the action against *Der Spiegel*. After all, he insisted on television, possible treason was involved: "I maintain that the arrests and searches were carried out by the responsible organs of the government because of the urgent suspicion of a crime directed against the security of the German people." But Strauss remained a major political embarrassment.

The Free Democrats, who have five seats in Adenauer's Cabinet, caucused in Nürnberg last week and voted overwhelmingly to withdraw from the government coalition. Dapper FDP Chairman Erich

Mende telephoned the news to Konrad Adenauer in Bonn. As if he were doing *der Alte* a favor, Mende smoothly suggested that the resignation would enable the Chancellor to form a new government free of "personal liability." The liability he was talking about was Strauss. Adenauer's stony reply: "We will discuss it."

The Chancellor certainly had to discuss it, for he needs the Free Democrats' 67 votes in the Bundestag. On the other hand, he also needs the 50 votes of the Christian Social Union of Bavaria, whose chairman is none other than Franz Joseph Strauss. Adenauer could not fire his Defense Minister outright. Instead the Old Man proposed that all the other Cabinet ministers follow the Free Democrats' example and resign. That way, the Chancellor could build a new Cabinet from scratch, with a new Defense Minister.

Penchant for Blunders. The distinction between firing the Defense Minister and leaving him out of the next Cabinet seemed rather fine, but it was at least acceptable to everyone, including Strauss. Fresh from his tour of the Bavarian boondocks, where he was campaigning to help his party in this week's state elections, Strauss showed up in Bonn for a stormy party caucus. Then he announced his resignation from the Cabinet.

For the 47-year-old Bavarian, his forced resignation might well be the end of a political career that once seemed headed for the chancellorship itself. Although he is bright and talented, Strauss's muscular methods have led him into many political blunders. Once, after he deliberately jumped a red light, Strauss caused a national scandal by trying to fire the traffic cop who sent him a summons. More recently, he was involved in an unsavory case of favoritism in contract awards for military housing. He has since been exonerated. If he is to retrieve his reputation and once again climb back up to influence, it will be against the fervent wishes of many of his own colleagues.

FRANCE

Calling Charles Back

After dinner one night last week, Charles de Gaulle donned a blue dressing gown and retired to the study of his stone farmhouse at Colombey-les-Deux-Églises, leaving orders that he was not to be disturbed. Perhaps with some foreboding (if he believed all the experts), De Gaulle turned on his TV set and concentrated on an election that might keep him in Colombey the rest of his days. When it became clear that the voting for a new National Assembly had turned into a landslide for Gaullist candidates, France's President could not resist making a jubilant telephone call to Georges Pompidou, the interim Premier whose government was toppled only last month by a rebellious Parliament.

"Ah, these French!" exulted *le grand Charles*. "I haven't even left—and already they call me back."

Firmly United. Strictly speaking, De Gaulle had not even threatened to quit this time. But his ministers had repeated-

ly warned that a defeat for the Gaullist Union for a New Republic (U.N.R.) would result in an "immediate, grave crisis." At the Elysée Palace, De Gaulle's files were packed and ready for removal to Colombey; to friends, he pointedly remarked that he might soon start on Volume IV of his memoirs. After the October constitutional referendum in which, as De Gaulle privately admitted, he had won only a "flabby" victory, many observers predicted that the U.N.R. would lose up to half its 176 Assembly seats in the current elections. When the prestigious Institute of Public Opinion predicted a 30%



DE GAULLE VOTING
Now "le coming" party.

vote for Gaullist candidates, editors were so skeptical that only one Paris newspaper, the Gaullist *Paris-Presse*, carried its forecast.

In fact, Gaullist candidates rolled up 31.9% of the popular vote—nearly twice the total they had won in 1958 when De Gaulle returned to power—and established the U.N.R. In Interior Minister Roger Frey's words, as "the first party of France."

The Gaullists got more votes than any other party in modern French history. The final outcome would not be known until this week, since the election is decided in two rounds. But in the first round, in which only those candidates who won a clear majority in their districts were elected, 61 of the 96 winners either belonged to the U.N.R. or were endorsed by the Gaullist Association for the Fifth Republic. Nine of the victors were ministers in Pompidou's government. In run-offs to fill the other 386 seats at week's end, Gaullists gleefully predicted that they would win a majority in the Assembly. In any case, they would attract enough strength from the other parties to ensure a Parliament firmly united behind the policies of Charles de Gaulle.

Magic Slogan. By their votes and by their abstentions (the percentage of stay-at-homes was the largest since 1881), the voters dealt a crushing blow to the "parties of yesterday," in De Gaulle's scornful phrase; parties that represent no "doctrine" but only a "clientèle." The election went far toward resolving the conflict between France's old, divisively individualist parliamentary tradition and the strong presidential system that De Gaulle believes is essential if France is to achieve stability and self-respect.

The powerful Socialists were badly mauled in many of the industrial and provincial centers where they were once strongest. The Catholic M.R.P., once considered "le coming" party because of its wide appeal to young voters, was reduced to the status of a regional grouping whose only remaining influence is in France's far east and west. The Radicals and conservative Independents turned out to be more clubs than parties. Though the Communists captured 21.8% of the vote, a slight increase over 1958, they fell far short of their leaders' expectations.

With only one exception—one-time M.R.P. Premier Pierre Pflimlin, who dropped 60% of his support—leaders of the non-Communist opposition either were defeated outright or lagged far behind U.N.R. candidates. Independent Paul Reynaud, 84, last prewar Premier and formerly a supporter of Charles de Gaulle, was badly beaten by De Gaulle's hand-picked candidate, Resistance Hero Jules Houcke, 64, who did not even make a single public campaign speech. Former Socialist Premier Guy Mollet, who commands a smooth local machine as longtime mayor of Arras, ran 1,200 votes behind a little-known Gaullist, In Normandy, former Radical Premier Pierre Mendès-France, 55, dour Cassandra of the intellectual left, was hopelessly outdistanced by urbane Jean de Broglie, 41, De Gaulle's civil service chief. From Toulouse to Versailles, many other old-line politicians were defeated by newcomers who, in the French phrase, were "parachuted" into critical constituencies.

All a candidate seemingly needed to win was the Gaullists' magic slogan on the ballot: "For the Fifth Republic." In Marseille, U.N.R. Candidate Yves Le Tac, a stranger to the area, who had survived two assassination attempts by the SAO in France, went into hiding throughout the campaign for fear of SAO retaliation. In the end, he led all candidates, including a millionaire shipowner who is one of the region's few popular capitalists. Independent Deputy Edouard Frédéric-Dupont, who has presided over his Paris district so long that he is called the "Archbishop of the Left Bank," trailed an unknown Gaullist who is not even a proper bohemian.

Fatal Excess. Just before the voting, De Gaulle abandoned his favorite pose of being above party politics. In a powerful pre-election speech on nationwide TV and radio, he urged France to vote against the old-line parties and support his candidates, who were guardians all of "the good of the state, the fate of the Republic, the future of France." The most



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**UNION
CARBIDE**

damaging blow to old-line parties was struck by one of their most respected leaders, Socialist Mollet. An implacable anti-Communist, he is one of the chief targets of France's Reds, who call him a "social traitor" and "America's man." But with that fatal French excess of cleverness, Mollet declared that Socialists losing in the first round should support Communist candidates rather than Gaullists, arguing that the ten or twelve additional Communist Deputies who might thus get elected would be less of a threat to the nation than an equivalent increase in "unconditional" Gaullist strength.

Mollet's proposal was immediately trumpeted across France by the right-wing press and the government's unabashedly partisan TV and radio network, which reminded Frenchmen of the unsavory Socialist-Communist-Radical "Popular Front" government that unfortunately permitted Hitler to reoccupy the Rhineland in 1936. Backing away from Mollet's blunder, Socialist Party strategists in such strongholds as Marseille refused to make any deals with the Communists. In dozens of constituencies, including Mollet's, Communist candidates who scored heavily in the election's first round did in fact withdraw in favor of Socialists and other candidates who had any hope of beating Gaullists. At best, they hoped to deny the U.N.R. a majority in the Assembly. "Mollet," crowed a Gaullist official, "gave us 400,000 votes."

American System? "And now," breezed a newly jovial De Gaulle on his return to the Elysée Palace last week, "we can get down to serious things." He would almost certainly interpret this victory as support for all his intransigent positions—his opposition to negotiations with Russia over Berlin, his longing for a nuclear *force de frappe* of his own, and his ultimate vision of a Europe united under French leadership.

At home, there will be a political regrouping that may well end the disastrous fragmentation of French parties and lead to what is already being called the "Americanization" of French politics.

What may emerge, actually, is a three-party system consisting of the Communists, a moderate left wing drawn from the old Socialist, Republican and Radical parties, and a conservative grouping composed of the Gaullist U.N.R. and the old right-wing parties, some of whose leaders have already proposed such a merger. Such a realignment should greatly reduce the danger that, after De Gaulle, France will return to the chaos of the Fourth Republic. But this will depend in large measure on whether the U.N.R. can grow into something more than an appendage to Charles de Gaulle's personal prestige. Anti-Gaullists are fond of pointing out that De Gaulle's ministers have no policies—until De Gaulle announces them. For the present, De Gaulle's rule is so personal that his favor may be more important than an official position. Says former Premier Pflimlin: "The important thing at this point is not to be in De Gaulle's government but in De Gaulle's mind."

MIDDLE EAST

Crumbling Boycott

In the bitter "state of war" that the Arabs still maintain against Israel, the only weapon left is the economic blacklist of companies and persons trading with the Jewish state. Even this weapon has begun to fail, because it is clear that the penalties are booming against the Arabs themselves.

Today the blacklist is full of loopholes. Arab countries do business with airlines that also service Israel. Rather than lose tourist trade, Arabs now allow cruise ships to dock at their ports after stopping at Haifa. Cairo shops still sell Sinatra records, though Frankie's "pro-Israel" tendencies have kept him on the blacklist for years. Last week the boycott received the gravest blow yet. It involved a U.S. freighter that had been blacklisted for previous stops in Israel. When the ship arrived in Beirut harbor with 2,400 tons of wheat for the Palestinian Arab refugees, powerful voices throughout the Arab world demanded that it be sent away untouched. But Lebanon's Public Works Minister Pierre Gemayel was too realistic for that, went ahead and ordered longshoremen to unload the ship. Then, to the shock of Arab zealots, he demanded a "complete revision" of boycott regulations, which, he said, were rooted in "chaos and fantasy." L'Orient, a major Lebanese daily, was bolder still, flatly urged the "defunct Arab League" to end its "ridiculous" boycott procedures.

KENYA

Slowing Up the Sunset

Amid rumors that Britain plans to postpone *Uhuru* (Freedom) beyond the 1963 deadline demanded by Kenya's restive African leaders, London jolted the colony by abruptly announcing that Sir Patrick Renison, its Governor since 1959, has resigned. In fact, he had been fired, for, as he explained stiffly, "this change was not of my choosing." Commonwealth and Colonial Secretary Duncan Sandys suggested that for "the final stages of Kenya's advance to independence," Renison simply does not have enough "political experience."

An upright but unimaginative Governor, Renison has made little effort to win the confidence of African leaders. Socially he kept aloof in his gleaming white Nairobi residence amid its sprawling gardens, inviting the European elite in for an occasional cocktail party (with Lady Renison keeping a close personal eye on the liquor bills). He is particularly disliked by Jomo ("Burning Spear") Kenyatta, who will probably be independent Kenya's first ruler. In 1960, opposing Jomo's release from detention as a ringleader of the 1952-59 Mau Mau terror, Renison warned that Kenyatta would lead the country to "darkness and to death."

Though Harold Macmillan's government says it is eager to grant Kenya its independence as soon as possible, such problems as defining its frontiers and drawing up an acceptable constitution now seem

certain to delay nationhood until mid-1964. Renison favored a cautious approach to *Uhuru*. But Whitehall plainly felt that he was too unpopular to sell it to the Africans or to hold together the uneasy coalition of Kenya's deeply antagonistic political parties, Kenyatta's KANU and Ronald Ngala's KADU. To succeed Renison, Duncan Sandys picked a man with a better chance of making delay palatable: Malcolm MacDonald, 61, a famed proconsul who has helped nurse more infant nations through independence than almost any other British official.

The affable, extravert son of Ramsay



K. F. WONG—THE STRAITS TIMES PRESS LTD.

GOVERNOR-DESIGNATE MACDONALD
Good at nursing infant nations.

MacDonald, Britain's first socialist Prime Minister, "Mac" MacDonald as Governor General in Malaya spurred the far-reaching social and economic reforms that helped turn the tide there against the Communists. Later he served as Commissioner-General for Southeast Asia, last year was handed the delicate task of presiding (with a Soviet co-chairman) over the protracted negotiations that led to the coalition government in Laos. A breezily informal administrator, MacDonald has frequently horrified pukka sahibs by allowing his photograph to be taken while walking hand in hand with bare-breasted native beauties. Among East-of-Suez Blimps, he earned the bitter sobriquet: "The Man Who Made the Sun Set on the British Empire."

Though his appointment was greeted coolly by Nairobi's Blimps, Kenya's new Governor, its 13th, has a feeling for history and an unaffected sense of equality with Britain's former subjects that has earned him the friendship of native leaders from Bangalore to Brunei. To hold Kenya together, as the East African Standard warned last week, he will also need "the wisdom of Solomon, the patience of Job and uncommon good luck."





The men and women who built this airline

When you read this headline, if you are a veteran traveler, you could think of many United people you may have known.

- The early pilots whose hard school had been flying the mail with only bonfires to guide them at night.
- Thorp Hiscock, who made two-way radio work for aviators.
- Ellen Church, the world's first stewardess.
- Jack Herlihy, the great pilot-engineer. And many, many others.

But important as their contributions have been, these and other famous United people are not the men and women who really built the airline.

You did—and the millions of others who have traveled with us over the years. By staying close to you and finding out what you thought of us, we have learned more about running an airline than we have from any other source.

We have been delighted with your compliments, but also appreciative of complaints leading to improvement.

Many of our advances in reservations, scheduling, ground handling, food, design and interiors of aircraft, and a hundred other aspects of our service have come from simply talking with air travelers.

Talking with people and suiting our service to their needs is all part of an attitude which is at the core of United's employment, training and operation.

It's an attitude we look for in everyone we hire at United Air Lines. It guides our training. It comes first in whatever we do.

This attitude is spelled out by four simple words: extra care—for *people*. With the great human responsibilities involved, there can be no better basis for running—or choosing—an airline.



THE EXTRA CARE AIRLINE

THE HEMISPHERE

CUBA

Misrule Without Law

"The rule of law has disappeared from the Cuban scene."

So read an indictment handed down last week by the International Commission of Jurists at the end of a detailed, 267-page study of Fidel Castro's Communist dictatorship. A widely respected, worldwide organization supported by 40,000 lawyers, judges and law professors in 90 countries, the commission was or-

When Castro himself came to power, says the commission, the constitution of 1940, a model of democratic legislation, survived intact only twelve days. Then Castro's government suspended constitutional age and experience requirements for high government office (Castro was only 32). Three weeks later, on Feb. 7, 1959, Castro, like Batista, replaced the constitution with his own "Fundamental Law," giving himself and his Cabinet sweeping powers.

Even then, virtually every major step

witness: "I remember a case in which one member of the court was a Communist Party member, while the other four members were illiterate and had to sign with their fingerprints." A third witness described the trial of a man accused of attempting to murder Castro's favorite radio commentator, José Pardo Llada, who has since defected. "I went up to the prosecutor, Fernando Florez. I said that I assumed that he would now amend his conclusions because there had been no evidence to prove any clear case of guilt on the part of my client. He answered quickly that 'he had to be shot anyway as a measure of social health.'"

In the case of Armando Escoto, a respected lawyer who defended many of those hauled before the tribunals, another attorney reported: "Dr. Escoto challenged Fidel Castro himself on two successive occasions. After his encounter with Castro, Dr. Escoto was put in jail at Pinar del Rio. There I acted as his defense counsel . . . Our defense was ignored. The prosecutor and the members of the court bullied us and jeered that we were defeatists and counter-revolutionaries. Dr. Escoto was sentenced to death."

PUERTO RICO

Plebiscite Postponed

To crown his 13 years as the man in charge of Puerto Rico, Governor Luis Muñoz Marín, 64, cherishes a hope of making permanent his Caribbean island's unique status as a U.S. commonwealth. Last July he called for a plebiscite late this year to let Puerto Rico's 2,450,000 people choose among independence, statehood or an improved variation of the commonwealth status that he invented 12 years ago as a way to get the benefits of both home rule and U.S. help.

Puerto Rico's Statehood Republican Party provides the only effective opposition there is to Muñoz' Popular Democratic Party. In the 1960 election for Governor, the Republican candidate, Luis Ferré, drew only 252,364 votes to Muñoz' 457,880. But the Republicans believe that their statehood cause has been gaining strength recently. In legislative hearings and in private talks with Muñoz, the Republicans complained that Muñoz was demanding a decision for or against statehood without any indication from the U.S. that statehood was even possible. Angriely, they threatened to boycott the plebiscite.

Though his party chieftains urged him to go ahead anyway, Muñoz felt that any mandate he received would be seriously flawed by a Republican boycott. Last week he agreed to postpone a vote until the U.S. Congress could be consulted. Republicans joined Popular Democrats in the island legislature to approve a resolution asking the U.S. Congress for a firm commitment to give Puerto Ricans whatever status they selected.

MUNRO



JOE SCHERSCHL

PROSECUTOR IN ACTION BEFORE CUBAN TRIBUNAL (1959)

"He had to be shot anyway—as a measure of social health."

ganized in 1952 in response to protests about the kangaroo trials then going on in Communist East Germany. Since then, working in Geneva, the commission has published nine reports,* each of them a model of painstaking thoroughness. As explained in an introduction by Commission Secretary-General Sir Leslie Munro, the New Zealander who served with distinction as president of the U.N. General Assembly in 1957-58, the Cuban study "extended over a period of years, and has involved not only the examination of official and unofficial documents, but as well the interviewing and careful examination of scores of witnesses."

The Batista Game. The report, entitled *Cuba and the Rule of Law*, produces Lawyer Fidel Castro himself as its first principal witness. Standing as his own counsel at his 1953 trial for attacking Moncada barracks in Santiago de Cuba, Castro complained bitterly about the travesty of justice under Dictator Fulgenio Batista, particularly Batista's habit of amending the country's laws at will.

Castro took along the road to Marxism—Leninism was expressly forbidden under his original Fundamental Law. His Cabinet obligingly amended it, giving Castro power to expropriate private property without interference by the courts, to settle all labor disputes and to appropriate funds without regard to a budget.

Fingerprint Signatures. Castro's vengeance against Batista made a mockery of Cuba's criminal law, says the commission. His first revolutionary tribunals condemned hundreds to die before firing squads without any semblance of the legal niceties Castro so eloquently espoused in his Moncada defense. The revolutionary tribunals are now a part of Cuban law, handing down Castro's justice against all those considered "counter-revolutionary."

The ghastly atmosphere of the tribunals comes through even in the report's painstaking telling. One of the commission's witnesses, a former Cuban lawyer, told of defending a man accused of simple bodily assault; during the trial a witness casually called the defendant a murderer. The defendant was convicted of murder without evidence and summarily executed. Said another commission

* On Hungary, Tibet (two), South Africa (two), Liberia, Tunisia, the Berlin Wall, Cuba.



WHEN CHAUFFEURS TALK OF CADILLACS, *the talk is all good. For few men have the opportunity for such firsthand knowledge of fine cars—or for such constant appraisal of motor car quality. And this year these men, like everyone who sits at its wheel, have formed a special affection for the 1963 Cadillac. Its new performance, its new luxury, and its new beauty make this the most pleasure-provoking automobile of all time. See your authorized dealer and the new Cadillac car. You won't need a chauffeur. Taking the wheel yourself is nine points of the pleasure.*



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PEOPLE

Demurely wrapped in a fur-collared coat, **Brigitte Bardot**, 28, still managed to light Paris' dismal Palace of Justice with a pair of well-attended personal appearances. First she kindled a divorce action against Second Husband Jacques Charrier, 26, on the ground that he had "deserted the conjugal home." Next day she loyally testified on behalf of her eternal flame and possible No. 3, Actor Sami Frey, 27, who was suing the weekly *Ici-Paris* for calling him "The Man Who Destroys BB." Testily, she denied that Sami was insanely jealous, that he papped

Française. A byliner for Paris' *France-Soir* and author of the international best-seller *The Lion*, grey-maned Kessel is the first reporter ever to win a seat in the Académie. His election drew indignant grumbles from a fellow academician, Legion of Honor Commander Henry Bordeaux, who wrote the Académie protesting the entry of "this Kessel, who has lived such a dissolute life."

From her Manhattan hospital bed in mid-October, the late **Eleanor Roosevelt** wrote her last column for *McCall's* Magazine. Titled "Mrs. Roosevelt's Christmas Sampler," it listed the holiday customs she loved best. Her favorite carol: *Silent Night*; her favorite Christmas benevolence: "To invite a stranger from a foreign country, who would be alone, to our Christmas dinner"; her favorite Christmas cards: "Adlai Stevenson's beautifully illuminated messages"; her favorite ornament: "A little angel that has topped our family tree since my children were babies"; and her favorite Christmas recipe: a bowl of eggnog, laced with four jiggers of brandy.

The bullfight crowd in Lima, Peru, was jeeringly hostile. Growing cautious with age, Spain's *número uno* matador, **Antonio Ordóñez**, 30, was putting on such mediocre performances that *aficionados* hoisted an insulting placard: "Ordóñez, you are a thief." The handsome matador took 23 minutes executing a careful and appropriate reply. Again and again, he brought the crowd up screaming "Ole!" with a series of slow, majestic passes. At the end of his *faena*, Ordóñez stood in the arena as a friend scissored off his *coleta*—the bullfighter's pigtail—to mark his retirement from the ring. Said Ordóñez: "It is just a deep feeling that this is the way it must be, that my time to quit is now."

Rated one of the richest Negroes in the U.S., Singer **Johnny Mathis**, 27, could hardly care less, to hear him tell it in London to reporters. "Money to me is paper with cute engraving on it," he said. "I was once told how much of the stuff I had, but I've forgotten. I own apartment buildings in America, twelve music publishing firms, and an office block with a bank in it. There's \$2,000,000 in royalties lying waiting for me at Columbia Records. I'll let them lie there until I can find an accountant cute enough to get them out without paying 92% tax to Kennedy." So saying, cute Millionaire Mathis borrowed a sixpence for a telephone call.

His annual income of \$150,000 may seem adequate, testified Auto Her **Horace E. Dodge**, 65, in a Detroit court, but it doesn't last long at the rate his fifth wife, Gregg, 38, is running up his charge accounts. In the past three years, said Dodge, he has had to borrow \$1,594,691

from his mother just to keep up the payments for Gregg's shopping sprees. Now he wants the court to stop spendthrift Gregg from putting him even deeper in debt to Mama. "Have you found it easy to borrow from your mother?" asked Mrs. Dodge's attorney. "No," replied Dodge. "Nonetheless you did borrow it?" the attorney pursued. "Yes," sighed Dodge, "but it *wasn't* easy."

He long ago gave up eating meat and then reluctantly put a stopper in his Jack Daniel's sour mash. On his 94th birthday, former Vice President **John Nance Garner** sadly announced at his Uvalde, Texas, home that in the name of health



BARDOT
Kindling flames.

away at nudenik photographers in St.-Tropez with a .22, or that he got violent when she did love scenes on-camera with someone else. "He doesn't destroy me," insisted BB, "and he's welcome on the set any time he cares to come."

What England's Order of Merit lacks in tradition—having been founded a mere 60 years ago by King Edward VII—it makes up in exclusiveness: only 24 living Britons at any one time are entitled to write O.M. after their names. Filling two vacancies left by the deaths of Historian G. M. Trevelyan and Portraitist Augustus John, Queen Elizabeth named goateed Architect **Sir Basil Spence**, 55, rebuilders of the bombed-out Coventry Cathedral, and Aviation Pioneer **Sir Geoffrey de Havilland**, 80, whose company turned out swarms of Mosquito fighter-bombers during World War II, to join the distinguished company of such men as Poet T. S. Eliot, Prime Ministers Attlee and Churchill.

In Paris, it took but a single ballot to elect Novelist-Journalist **Joseph Kessel**, 64, to the rarefied ranks of the Académie



GARNER
Passing up stogies.

and increased longevity he is considering giving up his last enjoyable vice—his black stogies.

On his way to Prague as the new U.S. Ambassador to Czechoslovakia was Career Diplomat **Outerbridge Horsey**, of the Maryland Horseys, whose grandfather was the founder of the "Old Horsey" rye distillery. Said Ambassador Horsey, who previously was No. 2 man in Rome: "I am the sixth Outerbridge Horsey and my unhappy son is the seventh. In fact, the only trouble with any new post is explaining the name to people."

Tooling along in his racy grey Corvette last month, Astronaut **Virgil Grissom**, 36—who has topped 5,000 m.p.h. in less restricted environs—was nabbed by a Florida State trooper for doing 70 in a 55-m.p.h. zone. When Grissom failed to pay the \$20 fine, Jackson County Judge Julian Larramore got out a warrant for his arrest. Said the judge: "The fact that he has been in outer space has no bearing on what a traffic court does." After a two-day countdown, a money order came winging in from astronaut headquarters.

MEDICINE

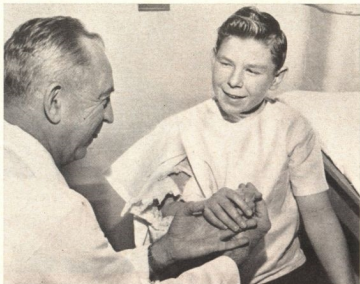
Pain Is Good

Father and mother were both delighted when the boy complained of severe pain in his right arm, and sometimes in the fingers of his right hand. This was just what they had been waiting for.

The parents' reaction was unusual because the patient was unique: he was Everett Knowles Jr., 13, the Little League pitcher from Somerville whose right arm was torn off by a freight train and sewn back in place at Massachusetts General Hospital. But in this first operation (TIME, June 8), the surgeons rejoined

consistently. Now, some daring and resourceful doctors have become so sure they can restore a twitching heart to its normal beat that they are deliberately subjecting their patients to fibrillation as an aid to difficult heart surgery.

DC v. AC. When a patient's heart is laid bare for an operation inside it, the surgeon wants the heart to lie relatively still. While a heart-lung machine takes over the patient's circulation and chills his blood, the University of Minnesota's Dr. Morris J. Levy and famed Surgeon C. Walton Lillehei reported to the American College of Surgeons, they shock the



MASS. GENERAL DOCTOR MASSAGING PATIENT KNOWLES'S HAND
After the freight train, a nerve junction?

only skin, muscle, bone and blood vessels; they left the all-important nerves until later. In September they rejoined some of the nerves. Whether freckle-faced "Red" Knowles's arm would ever regain its sensation and power could not be foretold.

The pain last week when his mother exercised his fingers was, Red said, "very bad." At Mass. General, the doctors will make tests to establish the nature of the pain before accepting it as evidence that the nerve junctions are beginning to work. If they are, the pain is very good.

Stop-&-Go Shocks

Few crises in affairs of the heart are more dreaded by physician, surgeon and patient alike than ventricular fibrillation—in which the heart's built-in electrical timing system fails and its lower chambers flutter futilely. Instead of beating purposefully and pumping blood to the whole body, they twitch ineffectively and pump nothing. There is no heartbeat. Doctors have tried to reverse the rapidly fatal process with a variety of electronic gadgets, but until recently no defibrillator has been able to do the job

heart into fibrillation with low-voltage current. They have left a heart fibrillating for as long as 2½ hours, and for an average of an hour in 45 cases. At operation's end, they switch the heart back to normal activity with a delicately timed electrical countershock.

In the past, a restarting shock has usually been a jolt of alternating current, but surgeons have sometimes had to give many shocks, and even then have failed to get the heart going again. Far better, reports Harvard's Dr. Armand A. Lefemine, is a direct-current defibrillator. The DC shock may run as high as 7,000 volts, but the current is applied for only one four-hundredth of a second.

The Harvard researchers used their gadget first on a patient who had just had twelve AC shocks at 25 volts with no result. The DC machine worked promptly, and it has now been used successfully on more than 30 patients. In two cases, it did its job when the electrodes were merely applied to the skin—suggesting widespread value for countless patients whose episodes of fibrillation have nothing to do with surgery.

On the Line. To make such application universally available, the machines should be portable and battery-operated. And a Johns Hopkins team, says Dr. James R. Jude, has perfected just such a portable defibrillator. It weighs only 45 lbs., can be powered by dry cells or a car battery. Through electrodes applied to the skin, one below the throat and one below the left nipple, the compact machine delivers 2,000 to 2,200 volts in a one-two pulse—first in one direction, then in the other. When a heart-disease patient or an electric-shock victim has a fibrillation attack, says Dr. Jude, first-aid methods (chest massage and mouth-to-mouth breathing) must be used promptly, and kept up until the doctor arrives with the electrical defibrillator. Electric linemen, who are frequent victims of shock fibrillation, are being trained to use the machine on their buddies without waiting for a doctor.

The Blood Business

A shot of blood in the arm may save a life, but a transfusion of the wrong kind of blood can kill as surely as a shot through the head. Doctors cannot estimate how many lives are saved by the 5,000,000 pints of blood that flow each year into the veins of about 2,500,000 U.S. patients; but they believe transfusion accidents cause 3,000 deaths a year.

At an average charge of \$25 a pint, the blood business is big business, and in most of the U.S. it has always been a bloody mess. In New York City there are 158 hospitals and other outfits—from the altruistic to the crassly commercial—that collect and handle blood with a bewildering variety of methods for typing, preserving and storing.

Because of misgivings, one first-class hospital may refuse to use blood collected by another with equally high but different standards. After 21 days, blood is too stale to be used whole, though its plasma can still be extracted: in New York gallons of precious blood are discarded after 21 days, but some outdated blood that should have gone down the drain goes into patients instead.

No Burns. Last week the new Community Blood Council of Greater New York announced that such chaos should end within a year. New York, where more than half the blood transfused now comes from donors who get paid for it, will emulate Seattle (which has never paid donors) and Milwaukee (which rarely pays any) by giving a citywide blood center a monopoly of the blood traffic. All the major organizations concerned have agreed to join in. The American Red Cross and the local association of blood banks, long at loggerheads, are cooperating. Only the blood-money boys are going to be squeezed out.

The New York center will keep a running inventory of all blood available, classified by types (A, B, AB, and O), by various subtypes, and by Rh factor—a service that should save a lot of needless nonsense. Recently, New York Hospital sent to Boston for a pint of rare-



The Urge.

Most of our mechanics have had it since they were 10.

It starts with balsa wood and glue. (If you have it bad, all your movie money goes for flying magazines.)

Next you try one of those little $\frac{1}{8}$ hp gasoline models that keep people from sleeping on Sunday morning.

And then you start haunting the little airport outside town.

By the time you're draft age, the Air

Force is just what the doctor ordered. The grease under your nails now comes from F-101s—and for the first time you're getting paid for it.

When you get out you'd rather work on airplanes than anything else in the world. So you look us up at American Airlines.

It means more training, but by now

you know this is what you want to do in life. And you like the way we do it.

The big thing is that you aren't in it just for the money. You love your work and your work shows it.

It's one of the reasons experienced travellers fly American. But see for yourself. Call any travel agent for reservations. Or call us.

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AMERICA'S LEADING AIRLINE





The woman
you remember...
wears Caron



BELLODIA—PARFUMS CARON, PARIS

© Caron, 1962

type blood, Metropolitan Hospital sent to Milwaukee for another, and Presbyterian Hospital sent to England. All three types were on hand in the city, though none knew where to find it.

The center will also keep a master list of donors and a special list of donors of the rare blood types most likely to be needed in emergencies. No donor will be paid. By cutting out the professional donors, many of whom have been Bowery bums, the center hopes to cut the serum hepatitis rate from transfusions by 85%.

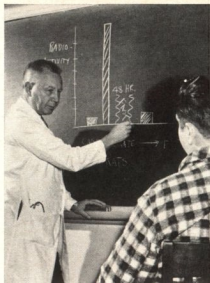
Pint for Pint. All too often, the gratitude of patient and family for what may have been a life-saving transfusion is obscured by months of wrangling with the hospital over payment, at as much as \$60 a pint, or replacement, at a rate up to three pints for one. Through the new center, any member of a blood credit program or his kin can wipe out a blood debt on a straight pint-for-pint basis. For those who have to pay, the top price is estimated at \$25.

"It's My Glands"

The doctors were fed up with the 286-lb. woman patient; they were sure that she was cheating on the strict diet they had prescribed. "It's my glands," she protested, but they simply did not believe her. Finally, the 32-year-old housewife agreed to submit to a rigorous test: she would go into the University of Wisconsin hospital in Madison and stay for 30 days, subsisting on a diet of only 600 calories a day. Under such strict supervision, cheat-eating was impossible. To the astonishment of Drs. Edgar Gordon and E. Marshall Goldberg, at month's end she had lost exactly three ounces.

A whole generation of doctors has steadfastly refused to believe the innumerable fat people who blame their girth on their glands instead of their appetites. Most experts have insisted that the thyroid gland and its hormones are to blame in no more than 5% of obese patients, and this kind of thyroid disorder, they have long pointed out, is fairly easy to detect. Now, a few researchers into the mysteries of meals and metabolism are reversing their thinking. Certain thyroid disorders, possibly some involving other glands as well, are hard to detect. And these, it appears, explain a surprising number of cases in which patients insist, "I eat practically nothing and still I can't reduce."

Radioactive Breath. The young housewife in Madison, her doctors suspected, was not "burning" carbohydrates in the normal way and converting them into carbon dioxide and water. To find out just what was happening in her system, they injected into her veins a solution of sugar tagged with radioactive carbon 14. The tracer isotope should have appeared in her breath in a couple of minutes. Instead, an hour passed before it showed up. When tagged fat was injected, the radioactivity appeared in the breath in 45 seconds. Dr. Gordon's conclusion: his patient's system preferred not to burn its carbohydrates straight, but to turn them



DR. GORDON & PATIENT
Not only how much but how often.

first into fat. He calls this "metabolic obesity." He put the housewife on a low-carbohydrate diet, plus liothyronine, an extract of thyroid hormone. So far, she has lost 70 lbs.

In other cases of abnormal metabolism, the timing of meals is as important as their quantity. The Wisconsin doctors knew this was true in rats; to test it in humans they sought out a cooperative housewife, 58, whose 278 lbs. and 5 ft. 4 in. gave her "the general structure of a basketball." On a 950-calorie diet, she had only fruit juice and black coffee for breakfast and coffee for lunch, but crammed nearly all her day's calorie allowance into one good meal—dinner. She lost no weight. The doctors gave her a more generous 1,200-calorie diet that was high in protein, moderate in fats and low in carbohydrates, but told her to eat it in small snacks, six to eight times a day. She has been losing weight steadily.

Horse & Rail. Doctors in other medical centers have come to much the same conclusions as Dr. Gordon. Though calories do count, they say, there is not a simple one-to-one relationship between calories and weight. There are far too many variations in individual metabolic patterns as well as psychological variables. Among patients who have a lifelong problem keeping their weight down, Dr. Gordon estimates, as many as one-third may have a legitimate, metabolic excuse. And many more will try to hide their gluttonous bulk behind an explanation that does not apply to them.

At the opposite extreme are the people who "eat like a horse" and stay "thin as a rail." Though they burn up some energy in excess physical activity and nervous movements, says Dr. Gordon, they also have unusual metabolic pathways for getting rid of fat. These people and the irreducible fat ones represent the far ends of the same metabolic scale.

Light Scotch?

What are you talking about?



Color?

Some Scotches are paler than others. Lighter, that is, in color.

And since it's the fashion to order "light" Scotch, many people (especially beginners) think that the palest Scotch is the Scotch to drink.

But you can't judge a Scotch merely by looking at it.

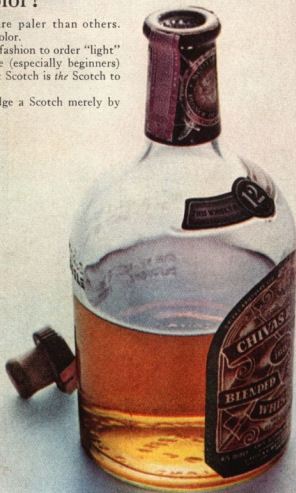


Strength?

Others (largely of the fair sex) ask for "light" Scotch in the hope it will be weaker.

Since almost all Scotches are 86 proof, they're likely to be disappointed.

The lightness of whisky has nothing to do with its strength.



Or taste?

A light Scotch is one which is light on the palate.

A smooth Scotch.

This is what sets Chivas Regal apart.

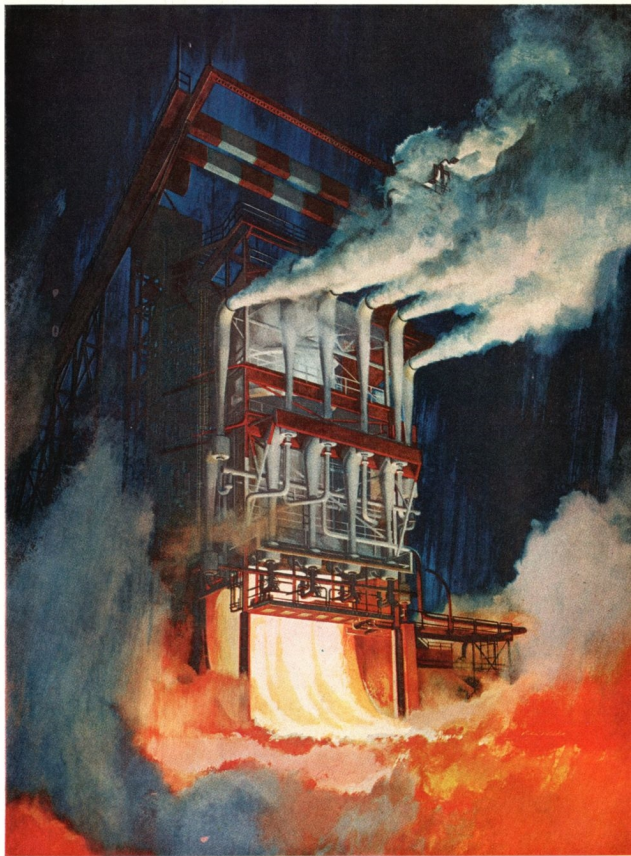
Many consider it to be the smoothest Scotch of all. Or frankly, "the best Scotch in the world."

The secret? Part of it is age. Every drop of Chivas Regal is 12 years old.

Order a glass, neat. No soda. No water. No ice. Then sip it.

You'll see the light.





Douglas builds chunk of Outer Space

*to speed
interplanetary travel!*

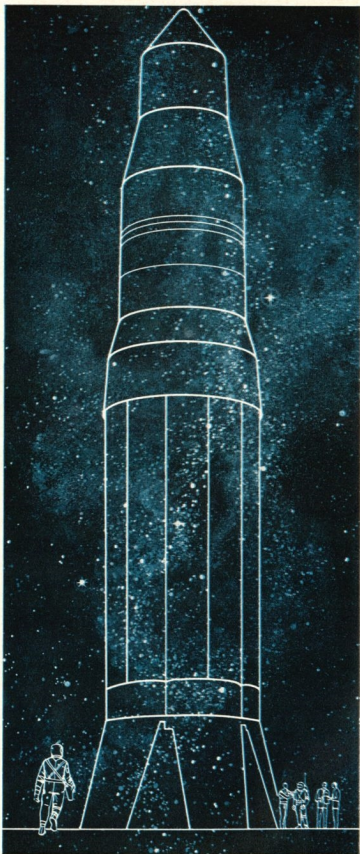
In the U.S. effort to place a man on the moon, the scientific pathway will be paved by NASA's big Saturn rocket. The first-stage of this 20-story giant has already been successfully test launched.

The second stage, now being built by Douglas for the Marshall Space Flight Center, poses a different testing problem. It is made to fire *only* outside the earth's atmosphere, in the cold near-vacuum of space. Since you can't hoist these 50-ton cylinders miles high in the sky, Douglas has re-created a chunk of Outer Space down here on earth.

In this giant test stand, vast quantities of steam drain air from tubes into which the engines fire, creating a tremendous vacuum in seconds. In it, rocket engines are proved under space conditions long before their flight mission.

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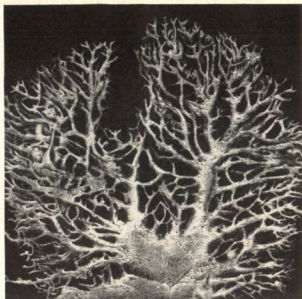
"Outer Space" test of Saturn S-IV at Douglas Sacramento site incorporates largest cluster of liquid hydrogen engines ever fired.



ART



LANDUYT



"ESSENTIAL SURFACE"
A bouquet of blood vessels.

View from the Guts

Sitting under a dark red painting of a huge human fetus in his living room in Ghent, Belgian Painter Octave Landuyt recalled a bit of his childhood. "I lived with my parents in a flat over a local slaughterhouse," he said. "I used to play among dying animals and heaps of entrails, while blood ran in the gutters. I saw bulls stagger under the deathblow, heave up again and again. It all had a primeval greatness."

Landuyt denies that these grisly memories influence his work, but the blood does run and there are heaps of entrails in the paintings that are on view this week at Manhattan's Albert Landry Galleries. Some of the paintings can make a queasy viewer turn green. But once the initial shock wears off, it becomes clear that the paintings have an impact beyond sensationalism: at 39, Landuyt is a painter of unusual power.

Landuyt sees all nature as made up of a limited number of "essential shapes," and these are the subject of his paintings. He favors the rounded, horizontal shapes, so that a man's head takes on the look, not of an egg, but of a mushroom. "This makes my figures as squat as in the pre-Columbian art that I love." But figures rarely appear in his work at the Landry: his paintings have become "essential surfaces" in which he tries "to penetrate the primeval aspect of matter." Shells, corals, bones, bulbs—all fascinate him. So do his microscopic studies of bits of skin, strands of hair, pieces of crystal. Transposed to canvas, these forms turn into other forms, so that the interior of an ear can just as well be the inside of a flower.

A great coral "essential surface," painted in meticulous detail, becomes a bouquet of blood vessels. In another canvas, bits of

torn flesh seem to be raining down like autumn leaves from one hell above to another hell beneath. A series of black-and-white paintings are as intricate as the veins of the eye or the sinews of the arm. Always there is the sense of seeing nature from within, of literally being sucked into the guts of things. Landuyt's great achievement is the suspense he manages to generate, as if each of his oozing, pulsating interiors were about to pop. This is the magic he is after—to catch the seed just as it is about to burst into life, "the supreme moment of utter standstill and containment before the eruption of form."

Eternal Tug of War

Night after night, the once renowned sculptor would wander about the streets of the North German town of Güstrow—"a short, slim, miserable man," one fellow townsman wrote, "with a sparse beard and clad in a coat that needed mending. But what eyes! I shall never forget those large, sad eyes."

The sad sculptor with the large eyes was Ernst Barlach, one of the artists whom the Nazis condemned as degenerate and set out to destroy. Today West Germany has restored these artists to their proper place, but few seem to have won such wide affection as Barlach. Not only are his works put constantly on display; the West Germans take delight in performing the plays that he wrote as a sideline. Last week he got an additional accolade—a museum in Hamburg devoted entirely to his work.

Hamburg Haven. In pre-Nazi days, the last thing Barlach needed was a patron, but he was fortunate in finding one thereafter: Hermann Reemtsma, the Hamburg tobacco tycoon ("Ernte 23" cigarettes). Reemtsma met Barlach in 1934 and bought a sculpture called *The Ascetic*.

In time he added other works, until he had built up the best private collection of Barlach in the world. He was always generous in lending out his pieces when Barlach exhibitions resumed after World War II. "They belong to the world," he said. But in 1960, a year before his death, Reemtsma began to worry that the collection would be broken up and scattered. And so he gave it to Hamburg, along with enough money to build the museum.

Figures from Heaven. In a museum full of Barlach's works, his obsession with the endless tug of war between earth and heaven is evident throughout. He could be the earthiest of artists, and at times his eyes seemed restricted to the everyday—a woman holding an infant in her arms, two old people kissing each other farewell. At other times he would transform wood or bronze into hovering angels or soaring god-figures. But it was all consistent. In gesture and expression, even in the rhythms of their robes, his earth-bound figures reach out to heaven, while the figures from heaven wait to embrace them.

It was in 1906 while on a trip through Russia that Barlach became aware of "the prototypes of humanity that were everywhere in the street—the beggar, the workman, the peddler, the peasant, the merchant." These could express "every human emotion from gentle piety to wild rage," but for Barlach they were never individuals. He began to simplify his sculptures: "I omitted everything that was not essential. Instead of portraying persons, I tried to strip my human beings down to symbols, symbols of poor struggling humanity." In this effort, Lutheran Barlach's style became more and more religious in feeling; his cloaked peasants had far less to do with his own time than with the timeless figures that adorned the churches of the Middle Ages. "My teachers," he said, "are the anonymous artists of the 13th and 14th centuries."

Spittle & Scorn. That so traditionally an artist could ever have offended anyone is difficult to understand, but the Nazis hounded him to the end. One by one his public monuments disappeared from view, and his statues were exiled en masse to the cellars of the museums. Once, when a courageous dealer asked for some prints and drawings, Barlach sent the poignant reply: "I am afraid I must decline. The collections of drawings that I sent to one of your colleagues came back soiled with spittle and torn to pieces."

In time, he no longer dared to venture from his home during the daytime: "Small crowds are now gathering almost daily outside my garden fence. They stare at me with a hostile look in their eyes. Some have even started to throw stones through my windows. What have I done?" In 1938, just before he turned 60, Barlach's heart gave out. The German papers, which had been under orders for years not to mention his name, were allowed to print an obituary notice "not to exceed ten lines."



"HOVERING GOD THE FATHER," on display at new museum in Hamburg devoted solely to works of late Sculptor Ernst Barlach, looks as if it had burst right out of the Old Testament.

WALTER SANDERS

THE PRESS

The Acquisitor

When Washington Post Publisher Philip Graham, 47, stole Columnist Walter Lippmann from the New York Herald Tribune syndicate last month, Graham hinted broadly that more raids might follow. His newest columnar prize is Joe Alsop, another old hand of the Tribune syndicate, whose byline will join Lippmann's in Graham's kit bag. Any more columnists to come? "Well," said Graham, "I could have had another big one, but I didn't want to seem greedy."

Greedy may not be the word, but Phil Graham is certainly acquisitive. Since 1961, when he bought *Newsweek*, Graham has added possessions at an increasing rate. Besides *Newsweek* and the Washington Post (which he inherited by marrying the daughter of Owner Eugene Meyer), he now owns broadcasting stations in Washington, D.C., and Jacksonville, Fla., two art magazines, *Portfolio* and *Art News*, and his share of a growing news service, which combines the editorial forces of Graham's Post and the Los Angeles Times, and has signed up 33 U.S. dailies. By the end of the year, says Graham, two British papers, the London Sunday Times and the Manchester Guardian, will join the service; another British paper, the London Observer, will come in next summer.

Does all this mean that Phil Graham is setting out to become a press lord? Not at all, said Graham. But he has just bought a private airplane and a second home in Virginia. And, come to think of it, "I'm looking for another TV station or two—and maybe a pulp mill."

Bad Readers=Bad Papers

For 39 of his professional years, Lester Markel, 68, has edited the prestigious Sunday magazine of the New York Times. During that time, Sunday Editor Markel has stored up his share of gripes about the competence of his colleagues. In the current *Harper's Magazine*, Markel fires off a volley at what he calls "The Real Sins of the Press"—a scattershot barrage so broad that some of its shells might well fall on Markel's own paper.

Some of his targets have been shot at before. ("Too many American newspapers are media of entertainment rather than of information"; "newspapers are failing to make the important news understandable," have "lost much prestige as leaders of public opinion".) But as he rakes these familiar topics, Marksman Markel occasionally discovers a new angle of fire:

► "There has risen lately in journalism a credo that writing should be simplified. Write as you talk, the mentors say. But most people should not even talk as they talk. And writing is different from speaking; it must have rhythm and accent and imagery."

► "As for the schools of journalism, large doubts arise as to whether there is any legitimate reason for their existence. Journalism cannot really be taught. The essen-



PUBLISHER GRAHAM
A new columnar prize.

tial newspaper 'techniques' are not techniques at all, but touches of talent."

► "There is in journalism a widespread view that when you embark on interpretation, you are entering choppy and dangerous waters, the swirling tides of opinion. This is nonsense. In the presentation of a so-called 'factual' or 'objective' story, judgments are involved. And they are judgments not at all unlike those involved in interpretation."

► "Bad newspapers could not exist without bad readers."

Red but Not Read

In a converted loft on Manhattan's West 26th Street a handful of Communists put to bed another Worker (no longer the Daily Worker), a sickly-looking eight-page tabloid. "Forty-two percent of all plants being operated in the Soviet Union," exulted a Page One story, "were constructed in the last four years." The market for such "news" is dwindling these days. The Worker is a failure, a Red newspaper that is printed but not



THE WORKER'S JACKSON
Rudderless in Moscow's wake.

read. Its claim to 15,963 paid circulation is as phony as its news. At week's end loyal party workers hawk unsold copies through Harlem, the Lower East Side slums, low-rent housing projects.

The Worker is one of eleven Communist periodicals still published in the U.S. Once a daily with 100,000 circulation, it now struggles into print only twice a week. It is a chronic beggar, surrounding its dialectic with incessant pleas for cash. Ads come hard. Its chief, and sometimes its only, account is Harry's Clothes Shop on Third Avenue, an establishment that knows an out-at-elbows *tovarish* when it sees one, and offers him suits for \$10 to \$15, alterations free. The Worker's editor is James Edward Jackson Jr., 48, a mustached man who rose (if that is the word) from pill rolling in a Richmond drugstore to a secretary of the national committee of the Communist Party of the U.S.

Zigs & Zags. Sorry as it is, the Worker is the most influential of U.S. Communist publications—which range in format from *Political Affairs*, a sort of Soviet *Reader's Digest*, to *Glos Ladovoy* (Voice of the Masses), a weekly distributed to 3,000 left-leaning Poles in Detroit. Even if their circulation claims are accepted as genuine, as they cannot be, total readership falls short of 70,000, much of that duplicated. About the only circulation that the Worker can really count on steadily is in official Washington. More than 150 copies are studied by Government agencies, looking for zigs and zags in the Soviet line.

The scrutiny is largely a waste of time. Steady pressure from Washington, including the McCarran Act, which requires U.S. Communist publications to be labeled as propaganda, deprives them of overt support from Moscow. Thus abandoned, the Worker, etc., seem to be drifting rudderless in Moscow's wake. Gus Hall, general secretary of the U.S. Communist Party and a regular Kremlin visitor, was usually good for a navigational fix—until the State Department yanked his passport.

Anemic Stuff. Mistakes in position are frequent and embarrassing. MOSCOW-NIPS PLOT TO KILL ARMY CHIEFS, cheered a Worker headline, after the ill-starred "doctors' conspiracy" against Stalin in 1953. When Khrushchev released the doctors, the Worker, caught by surprise, hastily backflipped. A 1961 Worker editorial demanding a "permanent ban" on nuclear testing appeared the same week that the Russians resumed testing. In the very next issue, the paper broke out in a rash of four articles justifying and approving the resumption.

At this year's budget hearings in Washington, the FBI's J. Edgar Hoover said that the Communists are now most busy trying to infect the minds of American youth with such late-blooming Red publications as *New Horizons for Youth*, launched in New York two years ago, and *Communist Viewpoint*, a newsletter born last month that circulates modestly among U.S. colleges. Like the rest, they are pretty anemic-looking stuff.

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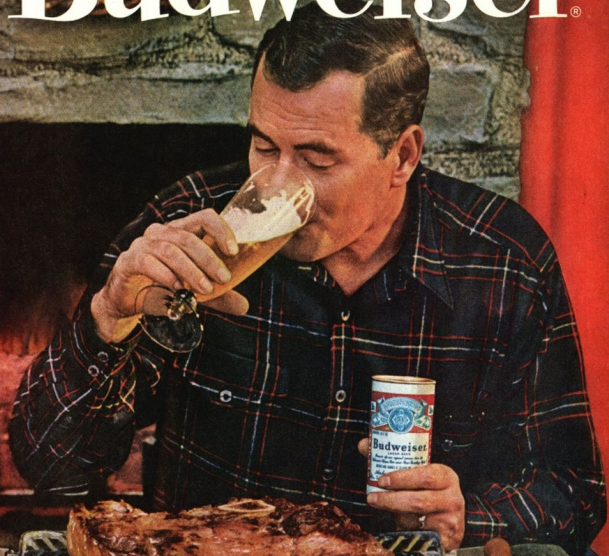
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THE THEATER

Hail Caesar

Little Me stars Sid Caesar in seven roles—all the men in the farcical saga of Belle Poirine, the all-American show girl originally lampooned in Patrick Dennis' novel. Caesar vanquishes Broadway in a one-man comic population explosion.

As a waspish old skinkflint, he fumbles out a wad of bills the shape of a doughnut, lofts it with a Scroogean cackle, blows ancient dust off it. To a sound that resembles a crew of termites dismantling a xylophone, a straw-hatted Caesar struts onstage as Val du Val ("Big V, little d,



MARTIN & CAESAR IN "LITTLE ME"
Freed from the 21-in. glass box.

big V") and bluffs his way through a nightclub boulevardier's tap dance, blushing with Gallic pride at the sheer virtuosity of toes that are all thumbs. As Fred Poirine, a myopic doughbrain in a World War I uniform, Sid takes a bride but fails to notice that she is pregnant: "Don't you understand, I'd only want to marry you for your name?" "Fred?" he asks, blinking owlishly. "You like it that much?"

Great Caesar's greatest impersonation is Otto Schnitzler, an imported Teutonic tyrant of a movie director whose twelve grandiose flos have reduced him to delivering "hot pastrami, all fat," for a delicatessen. Making his comeback picture, Schnitzler soulfully demonstrates how the lovelorn hero plunges a suicidal dagger into his heart. But the prop man goofed. Hand on hilt, Caesar puckers his brow in disbelief: "You mean you looked all over Hollywood and you couldn't find a fake knife?" Comes the dawn, followed, in a hilariously slow triple take, by noon, night, and *rigor mortis*.

Sid Caesar keeps *Little Me* spinning, but the show does not revolve wholly around him, or dissolve without him. Virginia Martin is a dingdong Belle, the poor little waif with a heart of brass and a voice to match, who spends the evening chugging, with brassy valiance, from the wrong side of the tracks to the rich side.

Neil Simon's tart, wisecracking script shows an unsentimental flair for wacky hit-and-run parody. Sometimes clichés are set warring with tonic effect. After Caesar has been cleaned out at Monte Carlo, he puts a pistol to his head ("It's the only way out"). In a split second change of mind, he sweeps the gun in a gleaming arc toward the croupier and barks: "This is a stick-up."

Bob Fosse's dance sequences are an enlightened delight; he spurns the assumption that collective frenzy onstage is contagious, gives the playgoer a chance to enjoy what the dance means. In the *Rich Kids' Rag*, blue blood seems to have cloaked the inebriety of the young snobs who are loftily striving to unbend. *Real Live Girl* is a wistful chorale of men without women in which the gestures of frontline camaraderie and foot-slogging are subtly altered to create a balletic lyric of loneliness. The show-topper is a driving erotic solo, *I've Got Your Number*, done by Swen Swenson, who writhes and stomps with flamenco force.

In *Little Me*, Co-Directors Cy Feuer and Bob Fosse have provided not only professional polish but also sureness of tone: they shun lovability, yet avoid being hard-boiled. The present temper of the better musicals is cool, detached, flip. The results may be frivolous, but unsynthetic frivolity on the rampagingly funny order of *Little Me* appears too rarely on Broadway. And it is more wonderful than getting a genie out of a bottle to have that full-grown master of comedy, Sid Caesar, released, at last, from that little 21-in. glass box.

Vive Boyer

Lord Pengo, which S. N. Behrman has modeled on the late Lord Duveen, high-priced art purveyor to U.S. multimillionaires, is, dramatically speaking, a 2½-hour still life. The play has poise, grace, urbanity, but it lacks any inner dynamic of change, conflict or direction.

In the plush, colonnaded picture gallery, Lord Pengo (Charles Boyer) wheedles, cajoles, amuses, and stimulates a cultural lust for owning Giorgiones and Masaccios in the blank-walled minds of crotchety, sulky and pinchpenny plutocrats. But, as someone says, for him selling is "a kind of disembodied activity, like praying." And disembodiment is the felt mood of the evening. Behrman dutifully tries to fire Pengo and Co. with emotions. Pengo rages at his petulant and priggishly high-minded son (Brian Bedford). He feels pity for a twitchily neurotic moneybag (Ruth White), for his loyal secretary (Agnes Moorehead), and for a lonely press-maligned monopolist (Henry Daniell). The wet cardboard will not ignite. Only Charles Boyer, the actor, ignites. He is a fountain of eternal charm, a foxy grandpa of stage presence, an animated bundle of Continental gestures who makes the typical U.S. actor seem about as vibrant as a hat tree.

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SPORT

Picked by the Pros

Which of Saturday's heroes will be worth a Sunday paycheck? All season long, professional football's talent scouts study college games and run down tips, searching with an unsentimental eye for boys who can play the man's game in the pros. Last week, as they prepared to back their judgment with cash in the annual player draft, the scouts from both pro leagues took time out to compile a dream team of the nation's top prospects. *TIME's* pro-picked All-America:

ENDS: **Dave Robinson**, 21, Penn State; 6 ft. 3 in., 220 lbs. **Pat Richter**, 21, Wisconsin; 6 ft. 5 in., 229 lbs. Says a scouting report on Robinson: "The best end

scout, "is the most amazing big athlete I've ever seen. He ran the 220-yd. dash in 22.5 sec. when he weighed 257 lbs."

GUARDS: **Jack Cvercko**, 21, Northwestern; 6 ft. 1 in., 235 lbs. **Ed Budde**, 22, Michigan State; 6 ft. 4 in., 247 lbs. Both Cvercko and Budde are fast and maneuverable, equally adept at dropping back to protect a passer or pulling out to run interference for end sweeps. Unlike most college guards, they also have the size to make the pros. "We don't pay much attention to college guards," admits one scout. "Usually, we take tackles and make guards out of them."

CENTER: **Lee Roy Jordan**, 21, Alabama; 6 ft. 2 in., 207 lbs. One rave notice: "Has good lateral movement, covers

direction in a flash; he still has a year of college to go, but the scouts consider him the best running back in the country: "No senior can run as well." U.C.L.A.'s **Kermit Alexander**, 21 (5 ft. 11 in., 187 lbs.), is a top-rated defensive halfback, and New Mexico State's **James ("Preacher") Pilot**, 21 (5 ft. 10 in., 200 lbs.), is highly touted as a bruising broken-field runner—"a big Buddy Young who can really fly."

FULLBACK: **Ray Poage**, 22, Texas; 6 ft. 4 in., 205 lbs. Best of a lackluster lot of college fullbacks, Poage probably will be shifted to slotback in the pros: he is too light to run the tackles. Michigan State's **George Saines**, 21 (5 ft. 10 in., 186 lbs.), is also underweight, but his fierce blocking and tackling will earn him a pro try-out. "Saines may not have size," says one scout, "but by God he's got guts."

Monkey on the Back

There is nothing more defeating than to win all the time. TITLE TOWN, U.S.A. read street-corner signs in proud Green Bay, Wis., and a huge dressing-room poster proclaimed: HOME OF THE GREEN BAY PACKERS—THE NEW YORK YANKEES OF FOOTBALL. Like baseball's Yankees, the World Champion Packers seemed invincible; they were unbeaten in six pre-season and ten regular-season games. They boasted the highest-scoring offense (309 points), the stingiest defense (74 points) in pro football, and sportswriters called them "the greatest team ever assembled."

"They Can Be Beat." All that success began to prey on them. Last week, the Packers needed a last-ditch, 23-yd. touchdown run by Halfback Tom Moore to beat Baltimore, 17-13. "The games are getting tougher every week," complained Head Coach Vince Lombardi. "The other teams are pointing for us. Every time they tackle us now, it seems like their life depends on it." Above all, the second-place (8 won, 2 lost) Detroit Lions were pointing for the Packers. Last time the two teams met, Green Bay won, 9-7, on a field goal with 33 seconds left. "We think we're better than the Packers, and we're gonna prove we're right," said Veteran Lion Captain and Middle Linebacker Joe Schmidt. "They can be beat—and we can beat 'em."

In such gung-ho spirit, the ferocious Lions on Thanksgiving Day went after Green Bay and, in full sight of a nationwide TV audience, showed that the Packers were vulnerable. Shooting holes in the nervous Packer defense, the Lions' Quarterback Milt Plum fired two quick touchdown passes to End Gail Cogdill for a 14-0 lead early in the second quarter. And when the Packers got the ball, the Lions' crushing defense made it even more embarrassing. The first time Packer Quarterback Bart Starr faded back to pass, he was dumped for a 15-yd. loss. Again and again, the charging Lions made him eat the ball, eight times in the first half alone for a net loss of 79 yds. Gigantic (6 ft. 5 in., 300 lbs.) Defensive Tackle Roger Brown hit Starr so hard that Starr fumbled.



TIME's 1962 All-America

in the college ranks—and maybe the best football player." On Richter: "He has height, weight, agility, tremendous hands, all the moves. But is he fast enough?" Another high choice: Southern Cal Junior **Hal Bedsole**, 20, who stands 6 ft. 5 in., weighs 225 lbs., and runs the 100-yd. dash in 10 sec. flat. Says one scout: "There's 'can't miss' written all over his 27-acre body."

TACKLES: **Jim Dunaway**, 21, Mississippi; 6 ft. 4 in., 260 lbs. **Bobby Bell**, 22, Minnesota; 6 ft. 4 in., 214 lbs. Cornerstone of a defense that has allowed its opponents only 131 yds. per game this season, Dunaway is the nation's No. 1 college lineman in the scouts' book, a nimble giant whose hardnosed play has earned him the nickname, "the monster of Ole Miss." Too light to stay at tackle as a pro, Minnesota's Bell will probably be shifted to guard or defensive end. Also ranked high on the scouts' list are three small-college tackles. A junior at Mississippi's Negro Jackson State College, **Ben McGee, Jr.**, 24 (6 ft. 4 in., 233 lbs.), "already has the instincts" of a pro. Miami of Ohio's **Tom Nomina**, 20 (6 ft. 3 in., 272 lbs.), is an outstanding defensive prospect, as is **Junious Buchanan**, 22 (6 ft. 6 in., 270 lbs.), of Louisiana's Grambling College. "Buchanan," says one

lot of ground on running plays, cuts deep on passes. He's a hitter. This boy loves contact." Best on defense, Jordan would play linebacker as a pro. On offense, the scouts like Michigan State's **Dave Behrman**, 21 (6 ft. 4 in., 263 lbs.). The report on Behrman: "A real horse."

QUARTERBACK: **Terry Baker**, 21, Oregon State; 6 ft. 3 in., 191 lbs. An engineering student and all-round athlete, Baker is ambidextrous, sinks push shots for Oregon State's basketball team in the winter, slings left-handed passes in the fall. A dangerous runner and a superb punter, Baker is on every pro club's shopping list. "It's self-protection," explains a scout. "If he's playing against you, he can kill you." Detroit's **Jerry Gross**, 23 (5 ft. 10 in., 175 lbs.), is prized for his pinpoint passing; Northwestern's **Tom Myers**, 19 (6 ft., 183 lbs.), is only a sophomore, but he already has pro scouts drooling. Says one: "Without question, Myers is the best pro prospect in the country."

HALFBACKS: **Jerry Stovall**, 21, Louisiana State; 6 ft. 2 in., 200 lbs. **Mel Renfro**, 20, Oregon; 6 ft., 190 lbs. "Stovall is the complete football player," reads a scouting report. "Runner, receiver, defensive player, kicker. Comes up with the big play when it's needed." Oregon's Renfro can sprint 100 yds. in 9.6 sec., change

bled into the end zone, and Sam Williams recovered for a third Detroit touchdown. Moments later, Brown tackled Starr in his own end zone for a 2-point safety. Nor was Starr the only victim. Ordinarily, the Packers can count on big chunks of yardage from rough, tough Fullback Jim Taylor, top ground gainer in the N.F.L. In the first half, Taylor was held to minus 3 yds. in seven carries.

"We'll Be Better." By half time, the Lions had scored every possible way but one. Plum took care of that in the third quarter: he booted a perfect, 47-yd. field goal that put Detroit in front, 26-0. After that, the stunned Packers slowly began to come alive, and scored twice, on an interception and a recovered fumble. But it was much too late, and the final score read Detroit 26, Green Bay 14.

With his Packers still in first place by a game, Coach Lombardi actually seemed relieved that Green Bay's winning streak was over. Said he: "We'll be a better ball club now that the monkey is off our back."

Scoreboard

► Overwhelming their competition at the Commonwealth Games, Australia's smooth-stroking swimmers were as hot as the searing sun that sent the temperature soaring to 103° in Perth's Perry Lakes Stadium. In two days the Aussies smashed three world records: Dawn Fraser lowered her own women's 110-yd. free-style mark to 59.6 sec., and anchored Australia's 440-yd. relay team to a record 4 min. 11.1 sec. clocking; Murray Rose paced the men to a record 8 min. 13.5 sec. for the 880-yd. relay.

► In both major leagues, balloting for Most Valuable Player narrowed down to a contest between a slugging centerfielder and a peppery infielder. In the American League, the slugger won: the New

York Yankees' Mickey Mantle, who shrugged off a succession of injuries to bat .321 and hit 30 homers, edged his teammate, Second Baseman Bobby Richardson. The M.V.P. award was Mantle's third; Roger Maris, who won it in 1960 and 1961, did not get a single vote this year. The National League's most valuable: Dodger Shortstop Maury Wills, who set a major-league record by stealing 106 bases—and won by a scant seven votes over Giant Centerfielder Willie Mays.

► Slowed down this season by a leg injury and a virus infection, Kelso—Mrs. Richard C. du Pont's five-year-old gelding—won only five races in eleven starts, but still swept the voting for Horse of the Year for an unprecedented third straight year. A great-grandson of Man o' War, Kelso needs only \$30,000 more to become the fifth millionaire (others: Round Table, Nashua, Citation, Carry Back) in U.S. racing history.

► Outgained and outscored for three quarters by the tough Minnesota Gophers, Wisconsin's No. 3-ranked Badgers capitalized on two 15-yd. penalties in the closing minutes, marched 80 yds. for a touchdown that gave them a hard-earned 14-9 victory and the Big Ten title. Dartmouth's Ivy League champions closed out an unbeaten season—their first since 1925—with a woolly 38-27 triumph over Princeton, resurgent Oklahoma wrapped up the Big Eight title by crushing Nebraska 34-6, and No. 1-ranked Southern California beat crosstown rival U.C.L.A. 14-3, to keep its unblemished record intact. The probable post-season bowl game lineup: Rose Bowl, Southern Cal (9-0) v. Wisconsin (9-1); Cotton Bowl, Louisiana State (8-1-1) v. Texas (9-0-1); Orange Bowl, Oklahoma (7-2) v. Alabama (8-1); Sugar Bowl, Mississippi (8-0) v. Arkansas (9-1).

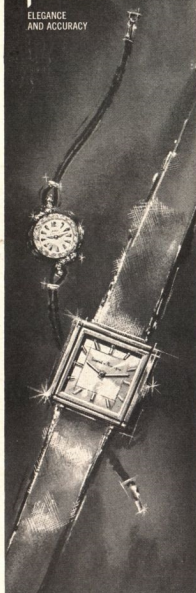


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SCIENCE

PHYSICS

A Man of the Century

He was a gentleman who helped create the world's most deadly weapon; a humble man who collected as many honors as almost any man of his time. Before he died of a heart attack last week at 77, Danish Physicist Niels Bohr left an unmistakable imprint on the 20th century.

For a boy who always wanted to be a physicist, Niels Henrik David Bohr could have chosen no better age in which to live. By the time he was in college, physics was in fascinating chaos. Blow after blow had shattered its foundations: Albert Einstein proved that matter is energy, Max Planck proved that energy comes in indivisible packets he called quanta, Lord Rutherford proved that though the very name atom means "indivisible" in Greek, atoms are not indivisible. Nothing seemed certain. One physicist declared that all students should be warned: "Caution! Dangerous structure! Closed for reconstruction!"

Chewing on Stubs. In this chaos Bohr found his own future. In 1912, he went to Rutherford's laboratory at Manchester, England, just after Rutherford had advanced the theory that atoms are miniature solar systems with electrons revolving like planets around a sunlike nucleus. The idea had serious faults, which Bohr, then 27, spotted promptly; he corrected them by applying the unfamiliar principles of Planck's new quantum theory.

Bohr's atomic model answered dozens of questions that had the physicists of the time chewing their pencil stubs. It won him a Nobel Prize, but it, too, had faults which were gradually corrected by mathematical abstractions that seemed to grow more and more bizarre. Bohr himself did much of the correcting, and even the most recent concepts of atomic structure reflect his genius for inventive analysis.

Golden Age. In 1920, Bohr organized the University of Copenhagen Institute for Theoretical Physics, which quickly became a kind of scientific shrine, attracting students from all over the world. "The unique and exciting feature of Copenhagen," wrote Professor John A. Wheeler of Princeton, "lies in the stimulus that Bohr gives. I know of nothing with which to compare it except the school of Plato." J. Robert Oppenheimer, who was later to head the atom-bomb-making Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory, said about physics in the 1920s: "It was a heroic time. It was not the doing of any one man; it involved the collaboration of scores of scientists from many different lands. But from first to last, the deeply creative, subtle and critical spirit of Niels Bohr guided, restrained, deepened, and finally transmuted the enterprise." He never dogma-

tized. "Every sentence I utter," Bohr liked to tell his students, "must be understood not as an affirmation but as a question." Once he defined truth as "something that we can attempt to doubt, and then perhaps, after much exertion, discover that part of the doubt is unjustified."

Niels Bohr deeply resented any restrictions that hindered the search for scientific truth. When the Nazis began to harass the great German universities, he wrote to physicists who he thought might be in danger of persecution and invited them to Copenhagen. Many came, and whenever any of them arrived, Bohr always made certain that he or one of his colleagues

to New York and passed it along to U.S. physicists whom he trusted. By then the U.S. was well supplied with first-rank physicists, many of them Bohr's former students; they understood only too well the implications of his message. Soon confirming experiments were in full swing. Bohr himself worked for a while at Princeton. And there, one snowy night as he walked from his club to a laboratory, a problem that he had been puzzling over was unexpectedly resolved and the facts fell into place. Bohr realized that it was the rare uranium isotope U-235 that fissions. That knowledge was a signal contribution to further U.S. research.

He returned to Copenhagen before the Nazis overran Denmark in April 1940. At first they did not bother Bohr, despite his part-Jewish ancestry. Then, in 1943, he learned that he was slated for arrest. That same night Bohr, his wife and his son Aage sneaked aboard the fishing boat *Sea Star* and escaped to Sweden. (He was the kind of man about whom absent-minded professor stories are told, and legend has it that he had kept a bottle of heavy water, then important for atomic research, hidden in his refrigerator; in his hasty departure he left the heavy water behind and rescued an ordinary bottle of beer.)

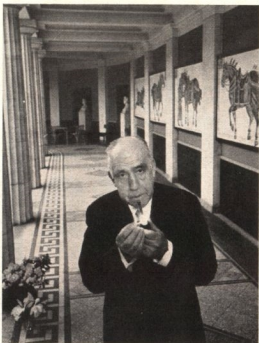
Soon after Bohr reached Sweden, a British bomber arrived to pick him up. During the dangerous flight, while the bomber dodged German fighters, he almost died of asphyxiation from a faulty oxygen mask. From England he went on to the U.S., where the news that he had brought in 1939 had already mushroomed into the enormous Manhattan Project for constructing the first atom bomb.

First Bomb. At Los Alamos, Bohr, whose face was familiar to just about every physicist alive, was introduced with transparent secrecy as Mr. Nicholas Baker. Though he probably did as much as any other man to ensure the success of the Manhattan Project,

once the first bomb was built, he would not wait to see the first test explosion at Alamogordo. For the rest of his life, all nuclear weapons were objects of horror to him. His fondest hope was to find a way to abolish them.

After the Nazi defeat, Niels Bohr returned home to Copenhagen; soon his own institute was open for business once more. Bohr was recognized as the leading citizen of Denmark, but to the end of his life he never quite believed that he was really a famous man. Once he went into the office of Scandinavian Airlines and asked diffidently whether he might cash a small check. When the manager offered to cash any amount he wanted, he was amazed that his name had been recognized.

Though creative theoretical physics is for younger men, Bohr did extraordinary work in getting European science on the track again after the war. He pleaded tire-



LARRY BURROWS—LIFE

NIELS BOHR AT HOME

A certain Mr. Baker and the bomb.

was at the railroad station to welcome them to his pleasant refuge.

Terrible Secret. The Nazis were not the only terror loose in the world. There was something else that only the physicists suspected. With their new mathematical tools they had been delving deep into atomic secrets, and they had come to realize that atomic nuclei hold enormous stores of potentially destructive energy.

Early in 1939, before the start of World War II, Bohr made a trip to the U.S. Just as his ship was about to leave Copenhagen, two German refugee physicists, Lise Meitner and O. K. Frisch, rushed aboard with a dismaying report. They had just heard that German Chemists Otto Hahn and Fritz Strassmann in Berlin had split the uranium atom. This was atomic fission, and with it the Nazis might soon be able to build an atomic bomb.

Bohr took the terrible news with him



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lessly for the peaceful uses of atomic energy, was one of the leading backers of CERN, Europe's cooperative research center at Geneva. Honors came so thickly that he could not have worn all his medals at the same time.

Last summer Bohr suffered a slight cerebral hemorrhage. After an autumn vacation in Italy, he seemed to recover, and he began writing his eagerly awaited history of quantum physics. But he spoke of a growing concern: Who would carry on his work when he was gone? One afternoon last week, while talking with a colleague, he felt dizzy. He went to bed with a slight headache, lost consciousness and died.

SPACE

To Shush a Satellite

U.S. spacemen were justifiably proud when their grapefruit-sized Vanguard I, the first U.S. satellite, continued to circle the earth long after later-launched rivals, both U.S. and Russian, bit the atmosphere. Now their pride has soured; Vanguard I has become a bore and a nuisance. Its radio voice, powered by solar cells, is still on the air after 4½ years. Its reports translate to nothing more important than "Here I am." And unstoppable broadcasts, which may well persist for 1,000 years, clutter up a precious radio channel.

Such channels are already scarce, and they will get scarcer still as more and gabrier satellites for communication, navigation and weather watching take to space. Many of the newcomers will have radio transmitters powered by solar cells, and unless they are silenced in some way, like Vanguard they will broadcast long after their original jobs are done. But to shush a satellite and clear its radio channel is not as simple as it sounds. A radio signal could be sent from the ground to tell the satellite to turn itself off, but this would require tying up a standby radio channel and force the satellite to carry heavy special equipment for one brief moment of use.

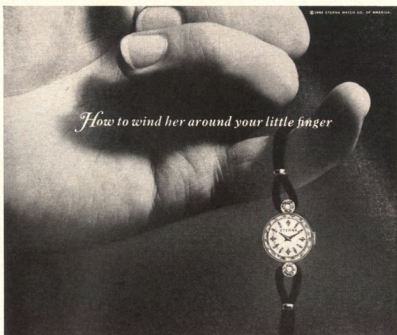
To keep the radio spectrum clear of outmoded but garrulous space vehicles, the National Aeronautics and Space Administration is turning to the small electronic timekeepers that Bulova Watch Co. developed for its Accutron wrist watches. To measure time, these timers use a transistor-controlled tuning fork that runs indefinitely on a tiny trickle (eight-millionths of a watt) of electric power; a battery the size of a dime will keep one of them humming for a year. The whole apparatus weighs less than three ounces, and it can easily be set to turn off a satellite's transmitter after any desired time interval.

Bell Telephone Laboratories' famous Telstar carries a timer that will silence its beacon transmitter after 17,700 hours—about two years. Bulova engineers are now working on timers that will turn instruments off and on again automatically. This will permit a satellite to take periodic readings of space conditions over long periods of time without demanding exclusive use of a radio channel.



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OWEN

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*I am the enemy you killed, my friend.
I knew you in this dark; for so you
frowned
Yesterday through me as you jabbed
and killed.
I parried; but my hands were loath and
cold.*

The text was by England's great World War I poet, Wilfred Owen, who was killed in France a week before the Armistice. The music was by Benjamin Britten, a passionate pacifist and conscientious objector during World War II. After the chorus in West Berlin's *Deutsche Oper* had chanted the final line of Britten's *War Requiem*, the stunned audience sat in utter silence. Then came volleys of applause. Britten's nonliturgical Mass is fast taking its place as one of the rare modern masterworks for the voice.

Britten's *War Requiem* was given its première last spring shortly after the dedication of Coventry Cathedral, largely destroyed by Hitler's bombers, and recently rebuilt. "The most masterly and nobly inspired work that the composer has ever given us," exulted the London Times. But despite such resounding praise even Britten's most unrestrained admirers harbored some doubts about how his Mass would be received in Germany. As the Berlin Philharmonic began playing the Mass last week, perhaps the most nervous man in the house was Britten himself, perched in the tenth row with the score in his lap.

Almost Hypnotic. To symbolize the work's spirit of reconciliation, Britten had originally selected an Englishman and a German for the two male leads—English Tenor Peter Pears and German Baritone Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau. But Fischer-Dieskau, who was so moved during the Coventry performance that he was barely able to sing some of his lines, had an at-

tack of bronchitis and was forced to cancel in Germany. His part was taken by Austrian Baritone Walter Berry. The audience seemed almost hypnotized from the work's opening lines to Owen's closing "Let us sleep now."

Britten's "protest against the destruction of life" moved on contrasting levels, with the mourning liturgical passages accompanied by full chorus and orchestra, and the Owen poetry (sung by tenor and baritone) accompanied by only a small chamber group. The general effect, as one critic noted, was "as though sections of [Mahler's] *Das Lied von der Erde* had been interpolated into the Verdi *Requiem*." The bells tolling for the dead in one segment of the Mass were echoed by Owen's line, "What passing-bells for these who die like cattle," while the distant menace of battle was evoked by the orchestra's strident tuba fanfare. A Latin lament sung by U.S. Soprano Ella Lee, was the refrain for the verses:

*Move him into the sun—
Gently its touch awoke him once . . .*

Straight from the Shoulder. The cheering audience called the three soloists, Conductor Colin Davis and Composer Britten back for repeated bows. Relaxing backstage with a leather-bound flask of cognac in hand, Composer Britten explained that he had not conducted the score himself because he was suffering from the mysterious psychogenic shoulder disorder that "happens to me only after I've finished a big work." And the Mass, he might have added, is one of the biggest works of his career. "It has been boiling up inside me for years," said Britten. "I had to find a language simple enough to convey what I wanted to say."



MICHAEL WETZ

NUREYEV IN "GISELLE" (WITH FONTEYN) & IN "LE CORSAIRE"

A mixture of tenderness and brutality.

Troubled Tartar

"When I am dancing with him," says Dame Margot Fonteyn, "and I look across the stage, I see not Nureyev but the character of the ballet. I don't see, as I do with others, a man I know and talk to every day. I see the ballet. He is how I would like to be, and he makes it easier for me to dance as I wish."

Margot Fonteyn, a little past her great ballerina days at 43, has found in Russian Dancer Rudolf Nureyev, 24, one of the most satisfactory partners of her career. They make quite a pair. Seventeen months have now passed since he defected in Paris from the Kirov Ballet company of Leningrad (TIME, June 23, 1961). Dancing with Fonteyn, Nureyev has gained in control and assurance without losing any of the instinctive stage sense that made him an immediate hit. Audiences seem absorbed with every movement of his small, compact body, every expression of his high-cheekboned face. When he has completed a flourish of movements, he has a trick of presenting himself to the audience with shoulders thrown back and arms outstretched, calling for the ovation that never fails to come. His ability to rivet attention on himself—whether in a soaring lift, a pantherlike leap, or a flamboyant succession of jetés—is so marked that resident dancers gather in the wings to watch.

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popularity is Denmark's Erik Bruhn. Pale, hollow-cheeked and shaggy-haired, Nureyev radiates a kind of savage excitement that he himself describes as a "mixture of tenderness and brutality." It has prompted comparisons with Nijinsky and even with the late actor James Dean, hero of the beatniks. Unfortunately for the Royal Ballet, Nureyev is like Dean in another respect: he is as complex and difficult an animal offstage as he is on. After giving a superb performance opposite Fonteyn in an electrifying *pas de deux* from *Le Corsaire*, Nureyev withdrew from all his scheduled performances.

He said that he had an injured ankle. Granted a leave, Nureyev entered a hospital last week to have a small dislocated ankle bone pushed back into place. But he flatly refused to say which ankle is ailing (it is thought to be his right) for fear audiences would watch for him to favor it. But what specially irked London balletomanes was that Nureyev had already scheduled appearances with the American Ballet Theatre in Chicago during the Christmas season, and would rest up until then. He will not reappear at Covent Garden until mid-January, an absence that has forced postponement of Frederick Ashton's long-awaited new ballet, *Marguerite and Armand*, written specially for Nureyev and Fonteyn. Said one riled and exasperated Covent Garden official: "I'd rather deal with ten Callases than one Nureyev."

No Respect. Nureyev ignores his critics, though he realizes that he still has much to learn—and many observers agree with him. In bravura numbers—such as the *pas de deux* from *Le Corsaire* or from Bournonville's *The Flower Festival of Genzano*—his technique is often insecure. Nureyev himself points out that Yuri Soloviev of the Kirov Ballet is a far more polished performer. But what remains undisputed is that no dancer has greater natural gifts than Nureyev, or a more tempestuous temperament.

A natural rebel who was in constant hot water with the directors of the Kirov school, Nureyev became increasingly withdrawn after his defection. He is continually harassed by Russian embassy officials who try to persuade him to return, and for a while his mother called him daily from Russia at Soviet government expense. Nureyev has no apartment of his own in London, in fact has little life of his own at all outside Covent Garden. Away from the dance, says a friend, "he's a monk."

Nureyev attributes his temperament to the fact that he was born a Tartar, not a Russian. It is his Tartar blood, says Nureyev, that gives him "something in common with wild, untamable animals." What he needs most, and in this even his admirers agree, is a little taming—the kind of rigid discipline that he might well have gotten had he stayed in Russia.

Outside Russia, a star attraction no matter what he does, he might find such discipline only under one of his idols, like George Balanchine of the able but low-budget New York City Ballet.



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EDUCATION

Another Harvardman

After three months of searching, the Kennedy Administration last week dragged its favorite talent pool, Harvard, to fish up a new U.S. Commissioner of Education. He is Francis Keppel, 46, dean of the Harvard Graduate School of Education. His new task is one that other top educators spurned, though most of them are eager to see it accomplished. It is to upgrade the U.S. Office of Education and to make it an effective federal voice in U.S. education.

The Office of Education needs upgrading, say critics, because the Federal Government is flying blind in education. Congress now earmarks some \$2 billion a year to aid education, but no one agency coordinates the hundreds of programs that spend the money. Though fearful of federal control, U.S. schools and colleges need authoritative appraisal of a confusing multiplicity of proposed academic reforms (teaching machines, language labs, "new math"); yet the Office of Education's research program is too small to be of much use. The Office has less influence in Congress, for example, than the National Education Association. Keppel's predecessor, Sterling McMurrin, pointed out after quitting this fall that an N.E.A. blizzard of telegrams to all Congressmen was what scuttled the college-aid bill he supported.

Sculptor to Dean. The Office of Education is a tiny arm of the Health, Education and Welfare Department. Its chief job is to dispense about \$649,000,000 a year in appropriations as Congress directs. Few of its 1,153 employees are first-rate, and none are high-paid. The commissioner gets only \$20,000 a year, compared with \$48,500 for the school superintendent of Chicago. Urgent suggestions that the office be made a Cabinet-level department have come from former HEW Secretary Abraham Ribicoff, former Harvard President James B. Conant, and many others, but HEW's new Secretary Anthony Celebrezze wants the improving done "within the present framework."

Keppel's credentials are impressive. Almost singlehanded, he has lifted the once low-grade Harvard Graduate School of Education to national pre-eminence, overtaking Columbia Teachers College. Son of Frederick P. Keppel, who was dean of Columbia College and later president of the Carnegie Corporation, Francis Keppel got his only earned degree (A.B.) at Harvard in 1938; nonetheless he is today ranked as a top educator without a doctor's or even a master's. He started out studying sculpture at the American Academy in Rome, but concluded that as a sculptor he was not good enough ever to be great. He returned to Cambridge, Mass., to take on a job as Harvard's assistant dean of freshmen. After a wartime stint as an Army education officer, he was suddenly plucked out of Harvard's administration by President Conant to be-

come, at 32, dean of the dormant School of Education.

Trade School to Liberal Arts. He went to work to eliminate the trade-school atmosphere, put real scholars from science and the humanities on the education faculty. To earn Harvard's pioneering Master of Arts in Teaching, students now get a rich dose of liberal learning, plus "intern" teaching practice in public schools. Future administrators sit under such old pros as Professor Herold Hunt, former school superintendent of Chicago.

Under Keppel, the Harvard School of Education's enrollment has risen nearly



COMMISSIONER KEPPEL
Out of the favorite pool.

threefold to 657, its budget tenfold to \$3,063,000. Highly influential, the school now boasts as alumni the state commissioners of education in New York and Massachusetts, New York City's newly appointed School Superintendent Calvin E. Gross (who was picked largely on Keppel's recommendation), and last year's head of the White House nursery school, who may have put in a good word about her old dean.

U.S. Students in Russia

The calmest place for an American during a cold-war crisis may well be the universities in Moscow or Leningrad, where 22 U.S. graduate students and teachers this year are pursuing research projects from art to psychology. The atmosphere is one of disengaged scholarship, and the attitude of the Russian colleagues, says one American, is "marvelous, nothing but sweetness and light." Such cooperation is making a heartening success out of a U.S.-Russian exchange program that since 1958 has been sending Americans to Russia for up to one year of graduate study.

The U.S. Government pays one-third

of the bill; the rest comes from private groups. The Inter-University Committee on Travel Grants runs the program, selects the students and pays their fare. In return, Russia provides full tuition, plus stipends of \$166 a month—five times the standard allowance for Russian university students.

Herring & Hot Plates. This year's crop of Americans in Russia comes from campuses as diverse as Berkeley and Emory. Most students are in their early 30s; all speak Russian. Topics of study tend to be esoteric: Russian comment on the French Encyclopedist Diderot, peasant self-government after the emancipation of the serfs, the attitude of the Czarist gentry to peasant reform. The predominant hoariness of the subjects is partly a result of Russian reluctance to open archives on recent events, for in Soviet practice, as one American put it, "What is history today may be non-history tomorrow." Yet by living intimately with Russians, the Americans are learning Soviet lore that should benefit their own colleagues and students back home. "Even buying a can of herring is an education," says one American scholar.

Moscow University's 15 Americans live in comfortable, two-room dormitory suites, which the ten married men share with their wives (children are not invited). The wives cook in community kitchens or on hot plates in their rooms, divide their time between shopping in the university *gastronom* and swapping language lessons with Russians. Bachelors live with Russians, Africans or students from Soviet satellites. All clean their own rooms and perform communal chores, such as K.P. and phone duty, assigned by the floor *starosta*, an elected "elder," or monitor, common to Russian group living.

Share & Share Alike. Closer to provincial university life are Leningrad's seven Americans, who live two or three to a room in a far sequestered dormitory 15 minutes from the campus. They get a real taste of the Russian passion for sharing food, clothes, books—almost everything except toothbrushes. They also get a close look at the Russian mind. One observation is that Russian students almost never adorn their rooms with pictures of Marx, Lenin or Khrushchev; another is that they are far less interested in cold-war quarreling than in hot questioning about U.S. music, literature and living. "There isn't much gung-ho Communism here," says one American.

Nonetheless, the Americans are impressed by the Russians' willingness to serve the "social good," meaning the state. During the autumn harvests, the Russians happily whipped off to collective farms for unpaid work by day and parties by night, returning laden with fresh eggs and good cheer. The Russians despise some aspects of Soviet life, notably curbs on travel abroad. "But they have a basic faith in the rightness of what the Soviet Union does," sums up one American. "It looks from here as though nobody's going to defect."



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MODERN LIVING

DESIGN FOR THE JET AGE

As every air traveler knows, one of the massive deterrents to flying is the walking it involves. With the coming of the jets and the extra space their blasting exhausts require, airport acreage has multiplied, and the problem has become worse. The hike from check-in counter to the farthest reaches of the San Francisco International Airport is more than a quarter of a mile, or twice around a football field at a nonjog trot. Puffed one woman soon after Atlanta's new \$20 million airport opened in May: "I declare, if they had told me I would have to walk halfway to New Orleans, I'd have worn my shopping shoes."

On Stilts. Washington's Dulles International Airport, opened for business last week, is a gleaming glass and concrete monument dedicated to the abolition of the dread Last Mile in jet travel. The roof is a concrete hammock slung between rows of gracefully leaning concrete "trees"; everything else is glass, clear and untinted. More important, passengers embarking at Dulles need walk only 150 feet to board the aircraft, although the plane is parked half a mile away.

The secret, if it proves as workable as its inventors hope, is the mobile lounge—a fat-tired monster that rolls regally over the landing strip like a parlor car on stilts. A few minutes before take-off, passengers are ushered into the lounges, which fit snugly against the terminal building (flight schedules out of Dulles now quote the departure time of the lounge instead of the plane). Lounges are red-carpeted, air conditioned, furnished with comfortable chairs, soft lighting, tinted windows

and, unavoidably, piped-in music. Upon reaching the waiting jet, an extensible ramp locks into the plane's door, and the passengers walk into the plane without ever being exposed to the weather.

Each of these upholstered Trojan horses costs a staggering \$232,000 and carries 90 passengers. It takes two to fill up a giant jet. Dulles will have 20 of them. In disembarking at Dulles, travelers will go through a reverse process, but the lounge does not have to be turned around: it can be driven, pushme-pullyou fashion, from either end. Passengers docking at the terminal in the first week of operation emerged from the lounges like pleasantly surprised moths popping from cocoons. Even the lounge drivers seemed to like the new idea. Said one: "It's just like sitting on your front porch and driving your house down the street."

The first commercial airport to be designed specifically for jets, Dulles and its mobile lounges are the creation of the late Eero Saarinen. He was a thorough man. When he was asked to submit a design, Saarinen sent out researchers armed with stop watches and counting clickers to "see what people really do at airports, how far they walk, their interchange problems." The results of his findings were dramatized by longtime Saarinen friend Charles Eames—for the benefit of the FAA and airline officials who needed convincing about mobile lounges—in a ten-minute cartoon film whose sound track featured the tramp-tramp, clunk-clunk of aching feet plodding through the measureless tunnels of the nation's sprawling airports.

Travelers' Nightmare. Saarinen's researchers were dissatisfied with both of the two basic airport styles that have evolved. One is the "satellite" type, which consists of a huge central campus ringed with the individual terminals of a number of airlines. The "hand-and-finger" type is a central building housing ticket and check-in counters, baggage-claim facilities, shopping and eating places, connected by fingerlike corridors to gate lounges maintained by each airline.

New York's Idlewild is the prime example of the satellite, or campus, airport; its nine terminal buildings (several serving more than one carrier) are scattered on the periphery of a sort of fountain-splashed world's fairland—awesome, bustling, and practical for passengers with no more complicated a mission than a simple arrival or departure, but a nightmare to travelers who have to change airlines in mid-Idlewild. Los Angeles International is another satellite airport with a similar problem. To get from the TWA satellite to the United satellite, a passenger must either risk the snarls of a taxi driver (who had expected to haul him into town, not ferry him around the campus) or clamber—baggage and all—aboard the Satellite Transit Tram. The tram is supposed to make the rounds every ten minutes, but its rare public appearances and slow pace dissuade passengers from chancing it.

Spooky Tunnel. The largest hand-and-finger airport is Chicago's O'Hare, which, with more than 1,000 flights (including 412 jet take-offs) a day, rivals Los Angeles as the busiest terminal in the nation. Its central rotunda has two huge arms angling off from it; radiating from the arms are labyrinthine fingers reaching out to jets parked at 66 gate positions, some of them 1,800 feet away from the main building. A foreign traveler who lands at the international building may have to walk nearly half a mile if he is transferring to a domestic flight to continue his journey.

At Idlewild there are many hand-and-finger terminals among the satellites, a complication that makes for more short tempers and shorter breaths. Even Saarinen's own celebrated gull-wing TWA terminal (designed for a single airline that did not want to experiment with mobile lounges) has a spooky, 300-foot tunnel that humps out to a four-fingered hand in the middle of the TWA landing apron. Jetways—telescoping passenger corridors—connect the gate lounge with the planes, which cluster up to them like so many mating dragonflies.

Idlewild also has the best solution anywhere for a small terminal—Pan Am's circular, pavilionlike terminal, to which planes nose up directly to the loading floor and passengers board directly across built-in ramps. However, the Pan Am design was never considered for Dulles because the circular form sharply limits the number of planes it can handle.

Noise & Access. Dulles International has problems of its own. For one thing, it is 28 miles from downtown Washington, and the trip costs \$2.50 by limou-



DULLES' MOBILE LOUNGE

PLANE-BOUND PASSENGERS

For the footsore, a Trojan Horse.

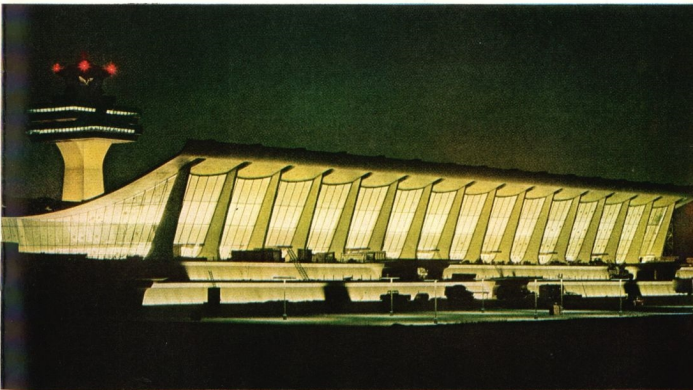


DULLES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT near Washington, D.C., now officially open, was one of last designs of late Eero Saarinen.

CONTROL TOWER looks somewhat like an updated Japanese pagoda perched upon a concrete shaft. Base of tower has dining room, provides observation platform.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. ALEX LANGLEY



CANOPY-LIKE ROOF seems to hang in graceful loops from the tapered columns that support it, is pleasing not only to the

eyes but also to the ears, since design minimizes echo. Self-powered "mobile lounges" taxi passengers to and from planes.

To KNOW India is no onetime thing

To know a country is not like knowing a telephone number or the square root of 64.

To know India, for example, to know the part she plays in the dangers and hopes of men, to know her burdens, joys, traditions—to

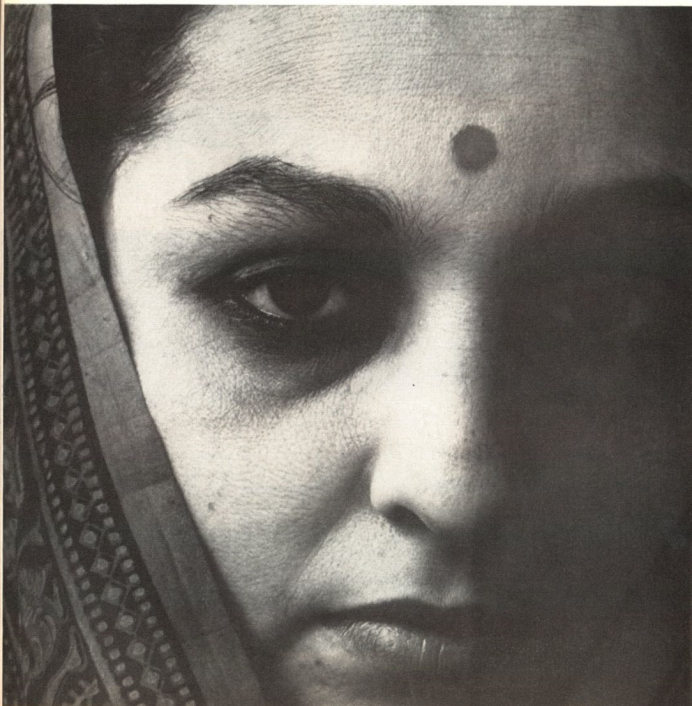
know all about India is no open-and-shut thing. It is a process and an adventure, endless, many-sided and complex.

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TIME The Weekly Newsmagazine



sine, \$12.10 by cab. But jet planes need space, and Dulles International covers an area two-thirds the size of Manhattan. As other planners have discovered, that kind of acreage is not to be had close to any major city except at exorbitant cost. In an effort to shorten the travel time, Dulles planners came up with another innovation: a federally-built, limited-access road that will drain traffic off the public highway and run 14 miles directly into Dulles' parking lot with never another entrance or exit. Says one FAA official: "Once you get on our expressway, the only place you can go is Dulles."

Virginians who live near the road and would like to use it for Washington commuting are grumbling that the private airport expressway is unfair to them. However, they have less cause for grumbling on another score than do most residents within earshot of a jetport. In an effort to reduce the noise of incoming jets, strips of forest were left standing to insulate each runway, and an additional one million sound-absorbent trees have been planted around the edges of the airport's 15-square-mile preserve.

No Ponties. Last week the interior of the terminal buildings was still cluttered with scaffolding, and it will be weeks before the last shop and ticket counter are completed. When finished, the upper level will be given over to ticket counters and check-in operations, quality shops ("There'll be none of those red nylon panties displayed around here," says FAA Administrator Najeeb E. Halaby) and restaurants.

The lower level is for arriving travelers, where self-service baggage claim is speeded by the now familiar carousel-type dispensers (luggage arrives via conveyor belt, is spewed onto a sort of giant roulette wheel where it rolls along the edge until claimed by its owners). Floors are polished concrete aggregate, colors will be kept low-key. On entering the soaring glass enclosure, the traveler feels as if he were already airborne. In his last visit to the uncompleted airport before his death in September 1961, Eero Saarinen remarked: "I think this terminal building is the best thing I have done. Maybe it will even explain what I believe about architecture."

CUSTOMS

Between Clenched Teeth

Ceremonially blowing smoke to the four winds, Mayan priests puff their pipes to please the gods; the Sioux passed around the calumet to seal the peace; 16th century Frenchman Jean Nicot (whose name is immortalized in the word nicotine) promoted pipe smoking as a sure cure for ulcers; and 19th century authors rhapsodized like Bulwer-Lytton: "A pipe, it is a great soother, a pleasant comforter. Blue devils fly before its honest breath. It ripens the brain, it opens the heart, and the man who smokes thinks like a Samaritan."

But despite the perennial popularity of Sherlock Holmes, dripping shag tobacco from his well-blacked clay pipe; despite the graceful pipemanship of Bing



HOSTESS GOWNS: SAKS (\$40); LORD & TAYLOR (\$125); MACY'S (\$14.95)
After the hot stove, full-length camouflage.

Crosby; even despite the theories of Freud about what pipe smoking really means—pipe smoking is on the decline.

When cigarettes were first indicted as a possible villain in producing lung cancer, pipemakers anticipated a wholesale swing to the relatively exonerated pipe. No such thing happened. On the contrary, cigarette sales zoomed on upwards to record heights for five successive years. Over 528 billion cigarettes were turned out in 1961, up 26% from 1950. The sale of pipe tobacco was scarcely checked in its long decline. Only 75 million pounds of pipe tobacco were sold in 1961, compared with about 210 million pounds in 1920, when there were 77 million fewer people in the U.S.

Tobacco men blame high pressure living, war years in which thousands of G.I. pipe smokers switched to more easily portable cigarettes, even the vogue for tighter suits which make pipe-and-pouch bulges bulgier. "We're striking back," says Executive Director Jerry Nagler of the Pipe and Tobacco Council. "We have lots of plans in the works." Among them:

- ▶ Prepacked bundles of tobacco, wrapped in cellophane or fiberglass, and designed to be dropped into the pipe and lit.
- ▶ Magnetic pipe bowls which can be parked on a car's dashboard and stick there.
- ▶ Steam-cleaning devices for deodorizing pipes.
- ▶ A campaign to persuade clothing manufacturers to add special pockets for pipe and pouch.

One curious sidelight: one out of every five college boys who smoke at all chooses a pipe, yet the per capita consumption of pipe tobacco on campus is far below the national average. The Pipe and Tobacco Council can only conclude that many Big Men On Campus are chewing on empty pipes to impress girls with their virility or professors with their contemplative natures.

FASHION

Out of the Bedroom

Now that the holiday season is upon the land and men and women gird and girdle themselves for the festive round, more often than not, and more often than ever before, they are finding themselves welcomed by hostesses wearing what seem to be bathrobes. Once they might have backed away in confusion, certain they had arrived too early or too late. But the hour is right, and so, they have learned, is the hostess' dress.

There were always a few hostess gowns around, worn by the outré set, but in recent months, the revolution in *chez nous* apparel has spread to split-level suburbia and high-level city apartments. Although the one-piece version looks like a bathrobe and feels like a bathrobe, it is not a bathrobe because it 1) is not worn over a nightgown, and 2) costs more. But the price of hostess gowns is dropping as swiftly as their popularity is rising; last week Gimbel's in Manhattan stored models costing less than \$15 in its store windows. Fast catching up is a two-piece version—a full-length skirt worn with its own top or mixed and matched with something else.

Whatever its material from burlap to brocade, a hostess gown assures the lady of the house comfort, glamour, and a kind of one-upmanship on her guests. After a day over the old hot stove, she can slip quickly and ungirdled into the easy camouflage of full-length draperies. And while her guests have had to settle for party dresses of unspectacular street length (the better to get in and out of cabs or family cars), they are sure to find their basic blacks outshone by the lady in skirts who rustles out from the kitchen with an air of Pre-Raphaelite elegance. She is a sort of walking conversation piece—at least for the evening, the classiest girl around.

RELIGION

What to Call the Preacher

Laymen who feel uneasy in the presence of a Protestant minister feel particularly uneasy when it comes time to introduce him, capture his attention, or ask him to pass the gravy. Says Dr. Franklin Clark Fry, president of the Lutheran Church in America: "They often say to me, 'What should I call you?' And I answer right back, 'Why, call me Mister.' But they never think that term is quite adequate, and if anything, they become even more embarrassed."

One safe, nondenominational way to be wrong is to call a churchman "reverend"—which is an adjective rather than a noun, and is likely to bring a shudder from even the kindest clergyman when used as a title in direct address. "Calling a minister 'reverend,'" says the Right Rev. John Boyd Bentley of the Protestant Episcopal National Council, "is like meeting Churchill and saying, 'Good morning, honorable.'" The plain-talking Presbyterians of New Mexico's Rio Grande Presbytery (33 congregations from Tucumcari to Las Cruces) recently resolved "that all members, friends and enemies of the Presbytery of the Rio Grande are hereby dissuaded and/or discouraged from using 'reverend' henceforth as a form of address to anyone."*

But many clergymen have given up trying to find a suitable substitute, and return a weary smile when hailed as "reverend"—or "rev" or "reverent" or even "revenue." Perhaps out of desperation, clergymen are the only Americans who customarily affect the title "doctor" after receiving an honorary degree. Admits Paul F. Bobb (D.D., hon.), associate pastor of Albuquerque's First Presbyterian Church: "I prefer 'mister' but let people use 'doctor' because it doesn't jar me as much as 'reverend.'"

Says Baptist Minister Curtis R. Nims of San Francisco's First Baptist Church: "My suggestion to our congregation if they wish to be formal is to call me 'Mister Nims' or, if they prefer, since many are from the South, 'Preacher Nims' or 'Brother Nims.'" Lutheran ministers are properly called "pastor" and, although some high-church Episcopalians prefer to be called "father," most agree with the verse written by Episcopalian Henry Lewis, chaplain at the University of Michigan's Medical Center:

*Call me Mister, call me friend
A loving ear to all I lend,
But do not my soul with anguish rend,
PLEASE stop calling me Reverend.*

As for Rio Grande Presbytery Clerk Harry G. Willson, author of the New

* The resolution went on to contend that it is "blasphemous and idolatrous" to apply the word reverend to a clergyman even when it is used grammatically, as in the common form of indirect address or written reference: "The Reverend John Smith." Most churchmen would disagree.

Mexico resolution, he told members of his own Alameda (N. Mex.) Presbyterian Church that "a kind of 'call me mister' chant has begun. But I'd prefer that you call me Harry."

A Head Start on Humanity

About ten miles from France's ultra-modern atomic-energy center at Marcoule, and half a mile from the big Donzère-Mondragon electric power dam on the Rhône River, is a dilapidated farm that seems right out of the Middle Ages. The sprawling, tile-roofed stone house has neither hot water nor electricity. The men

Roman Empire. He was raised a Roman Catholic, lost his faith while in his teens, and regained it at the age of 30, after he received a doctorate in philosophy from Pisa University. Lanza wandered through Europe and the Near East for six years as a self-styled vagabond, finally arriving in India in 1936. Gandhi accepted him as a disciple and nicknamed him *Shantidas* (servant of peace). Lanza spent 18 months studying with Gandhi, returned to France to marry and write poetry. "When one doesn't have an automobile, one gets interested in poetry," he says. Gandhi believed that India should reject industrial progress, with its dehumanizing labor-saving machinery, and make itself a nation of small, self-sufficient communi-



PATRIARCH LANZA (WHITE BEARD) & ARK CHOIR
The times, not the companions, are out of joint.

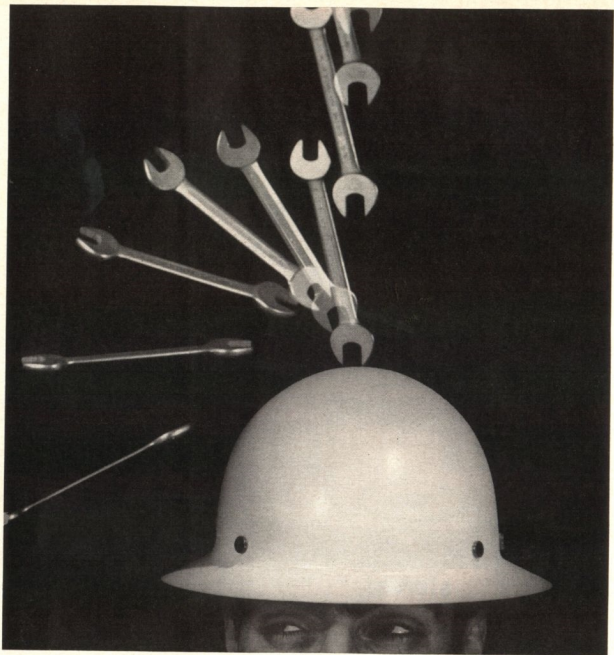
and women who inhabit it dress in monkish white costumes woven on their own looms, and advertise their faith by wearing wooden crosses on their breasts. They eat simple, vegetarian meals of food grown in the dry, sandy soil that they work with handmade tools. Five times a day they pause in their labor for prayers.

Medieval play-acting? The dedicated "companions" who make up the Laboring Order of the Ark are convinced that their ascetic, antimodern life is the only way that the principles of the Sermon on the Mount can conscientiously be carried out. Oddly enough, the inspiration for this attitude does not come directly from Christ but from the patron saint of modern India, Mohandas Gandhi. "Nowhere have I encountered a political, social, economic and practical doctrine which in my opinion conforms more to Christ's teachings than Gandhi's," says Joseph Lanza del Vasto, 61, the white-bearded, mystical founder and patriarch of the Ark.

Six Years of Wandering. Lanza, often called "the Gandhi of Europe," is a Sicilian-born nobleman who can trace his family history to Emperors of the Holy

ties plying the simple trades of farm and field. Convinced that this was a plausible ideal for Christian countries, Lanza in 1954 organized a few like-minded friends into a community on a 100-acre farm that his wife's family owned near the Rhône River. Starting with three families, the Ark's community now has 63 followers. Within France, the movement has gained widespread, respectful attention; one of Lanza's books on his experiences with Gandhi has sold 300,000 copies. A record of medieval troubadour ballads sung by several of the companions won France's Grand Prix du Disque in 1959.

"Natural, Peaceful, Wise." Although all but one of Lanza's current companions are Roman Catholics, the Ark has no official connection with that church, and membership is open to anyone who believes in God. The 20 permanent adult members of the community have taken vows, and live under an oath of poverty. Husbands and wives live together, are primarily responsible for the education of their children. In imitation of Gandhi, the members of the community begin their day with yoga-like exercises, prac-



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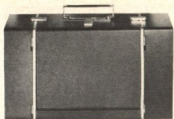
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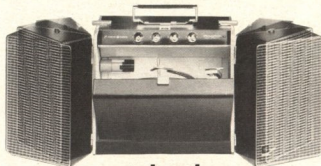
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tice an ardent pacifism. They have joined in sitdown strikes at the Marcoule atomic-energy plant, demonstrated against the detention camps set up for F.L.N. supporters during the Algerian war.

Lanza knows that the Companions of the Ark are turning their backs on the times, but he believes that it is the times, and not the companions, that are out of joint. "The crowding together of masses of people in uninhabitable big cities will, sooner or later, provoke a return to the country," he says. "The survivors of cataclysms soon to come, caused by the hand of man, will oblige humanity to regroup itself for a simple, natural, peaceful and wise life. So we shall have had a head start on humanity."

How to Cure the Preacher

For the man who has been chosen to be a minister of God, the test of faith is no longer the only test he must pass. He may be given the Thematic Apperception Test, the Interpersonal Check List, the Miller Analogies Test, the Strong Vocational Interest Blank, the Guilford-Zimmerman Temperament Survey and the Minnesota Multiphasic Personality Inventory. The Lutheran Church of America now gives all of its seminarians most of these tests—and not to keep neurotics out so much as to help them once they get in.

"We continue to ordain known prepsychotics and schizophrenics," says the Rev. J. Victor Benson, the Lutherans' secretary for psychological services. At a Lutheran-sponsored conference in New York last week, psychologists and psychiatrists from other church bodies agreed with Benson that psychological testing is a valuable tool for assessing future ministers. And whatever mental illness is revealed can be treated by "a competent Christian psychiatrist" or even turned to useful ministerial ends.

The psychologists had a friendly, ecumenical view of clerical neurosis. Jesuit William C. Bier, chairman of Fordham's psychology department, said that the priesthood has a particular attraction for the potential schizophrenic. Dr. Fred Brown, chief psychologist at Manhattan's Mount Sinai Hospital, reported that many rabbinical candidates were sick, but "no 'sicker' than the ministerial candidates of the Roman Catholics and Protestants."

The ministry is fine therapy for some neurotics, argued New York Psychiatrist Gotthard Booth, who has been administering psychological tests to ministerial candidates for 24 years. Since the fulfillment of the deep need that impelled them to seek the ministry often has a balancing effect on mentally disturbed ministers, said Dr. Booth, many churchmen find in clerical garb "an ambulatory sanitarium." But a good minister, said Dr. Brown, may operate successfully while driving his wife "to the brink of psychosis and his children into neurotic reactions." Concluded Booth reassuringly: "There is some evidence that serious 'nervous breakdowns' occur less frequently in the clergy than in the average population, only half as often as in lawyers and physicians."



When the bough breaks

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**OCCIDENTAL LIFE
OF CALIFORNIA**

SHOW BUSINESS

TELEVISION

On the Cob

The pone is the lowest form of humor. But in five short weeks, country corn sent CBS's *The Beverly Hillbillies* to the top of Old Smoky in Nielsen ratings. Its climb was one of the swiftest in the history of television. Scheduled opposite the supposedly invincible Perry Como, it shot him daid.

Plow Tomorrow. Como tumbled before a program that is dedicated to finding out how many times the same joke can be repeated. Mountaineer Jed Clampett and his family, worth \$25 million because oil was found in their swamp back in the Ozarks, have moved to Beverly Hills to live among the polychrome celebrities of show biz. Pa bought a house built by John Barrymore, and the place is easily large enough to be mistaken for a university. Pa takes an appreciative look at the smooth and gorgeous sweep of lawn and says, "Fine, we'll commence plowing tomorrow."

"But this is Beverly Hills!" says a shocked Angelino banker.

"Dirt is dirt," says Pa.

Thin Hog. First things first: got to find water. Pa is in the habit of drilling wells with a shotgun. First he walks the lawn with a forked stick. The stick goes crazy because the lawn has a buried sprinkler grid. Pa fires a load into the sod just as the gardener turns on the system. "I ain't never missed yet," crows Pa. Granny peers into the deep freeze and complains that all the vittles is froze. "People ought



THE BEVERLY HILLBILLIES
Ain't never missed yet.



THE NEW MINSKY'S IN MANHATTAN
Raunchy glory and moggie voices.

WALTER DABAR

to know better'n to store food up against a north wall," says Pa, who has all the good lines.

Jowls & Shanks. Pa is nicely played by Buddy Ebsen, 54, the ex-hoofar who last scored on TV as George Russell, constant companion of Davy Crockett. Pa has an oafishly agreeable young cousin named Jethro, who is a l'il weak-minded and has spent a dozen years in the fifth grade at Oxford, Oxford where? No one wonders except the thick-witted Hollywood types who want to know if Jethro went to Eton as a boy. "If I know Jethro, he went to eatin' when he was a baby," says Pa. Jethro is played by Max Baer Jr., the suitably muscled son of the onetime heavyweight champion.

Old steel-rimmed-glasses granny (Irene Ryan) is cordon bluegrass when it comes to cooking hawg jowls, fat back, corn pone, mustard greens, salted-down possum belly, squirrel shanks, crow gizzards, and boiled toad. Her granddaughter Elly May resembles Al Capp's Daisy Mae from head to toes, notably in profile. She is a tomboy, but she somehow wears Levi's as if they were a bikini. Actress Donna Douglas is typecast in the part. A few years ago she was the best hot-pepper eater in Baywood, La., where she also played boys' football, pitched in softball, called and slopped hogs, milked cows, and walked through fields eating sugar cane. She can whistle through her teeth loud enough to split the bark off a pine.

Deeds & Fumblings. The show is directed by Broadway's Richard Whorf and written by Paul Henning, whose jokes and routines have at various times fueled Fiber McGee, Rudy Vallee and Bob Cummings. The characters are engaging people even if they are called Beverly Hillbillies, and this is one time 35 million people aren't wrong. Like ABC's *I'm Dickens—He's Fenster*, the show is supplying an apparent demand for straightforward, unsophisticated, skillfully performed humor. "It's my kind of corn," says Director Whorf—"right on the cob."

BURLESQUE

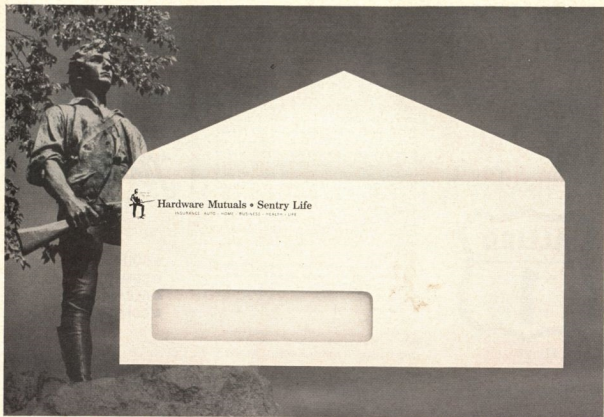
This Must Still Be the Place

Burlesque continues to bump along in a few fly-specked theaters around the U.S., its tarnished sequins blinking bravely in the murk of purple spotlights, its audiences of sailors and cackling oldsters still faithful to an art form that refuses to give up.

Now, after more than 20 years' absence, burlesque is grinding away again in Manhattan. This week marks the 40th for a show called *This Was Burlesque*, starring Ann Corio, durable (circa 50) *doyenne* of U.S. strippers. And Harold Minsky, whose very name used to mean runways and rhinestones, tassel twirlers, talking women and top bananas, is back in town with a new show for the first time since militantly moral Mayor Fiorello La Guardia banished burlesque and even the word Minsky from theater marquees.

Hello, Everybody. Obviously produced on a G-string, *This Was Burlesque* has succeeded in reviving for mixed company some of the stag-night atmosphere in all its raunchy glory. It is like old times. Candy butchers, though a little self-consciously, hawk their dubious wares up the aisles during intermission, the world's worst orchestra is in the pit, the scenery is ghastly, the lighting garish, and the choreography might have been devised by a dancing bear. During the "Hello, Everybody" number, one of the magpie-voiced chorines flounces down to the footlights and squeals classically. "We will shimmy and we will shake, but please don't think we're on the make."

The comics are in full caper. One baggy-pants warns the guard of a nuthouse not to send any mail to Washington. "Why not?" asks the guard. "He's dead," replies the overripe banana, skittering into the wings. Seltzer bottles spew, leers are leered, strippers strip and strip, Ann Corio re-creates her "parade strip," fragrant in the memories of generations of Harvard graduates who used to attend her



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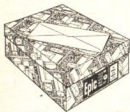
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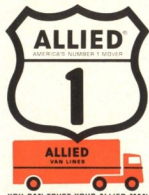


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frequent symposia at Boston's Old Howard. When hefty Dolores Du Vaughan* undulates out of her costume and starts to give the proscenium arch the business, there are howls of "More, more!" from the audience.

Tomtoms, Teddies, Harold Minsky, 48, is the first to admit that his *Follies* at the International, a Broadway nightclub, is not classic burlesque. Its bumps have been shock-absorbed into harmless thank-you-ma'ams, and its grinds are exceeding fine. But only a purist could carp: it is a spectacularly busy pageant, flashily costumed, dizzyingly aswarm with near-nude (pasties here and here, a twinkly bikini there) show girls. If it owes a greater debt to the New Frontier Hotel in Las Vegas than to Minsky's old National Winter Garden theater on Houston Street, that is the way Minsky wants it. The nearest thing to a striptease in the proceedings is a number in which a covey of chorus boys gingerly pluck parts of the costume from the frame of a stately brunette. She finally helps by sliding out of her black lace teddies unassisted, but it is all done in the brightest of spotlights and to the accompaniment, not of the traditional tummy-tossing tomtom beat but the blare of a stage band's pseudoproggressive jazz. It only seems like old times.

THEATER ABROAD

Outdone by Reality

Just off the Rue Pigalle in Paris, men with picks, shovels and wrecking equipment are preparing to demolish a tiny, 230-seat theater that has just folded after 65 bloodcurdling years. It is the Grand Guignol. Although its name had percolated down to the bedrock of dramatic criticism in half a dozen languages, most people thought the theater itself had vanished long since. Now they are right. The last clotted eyeball has plopped onto the stage. The last entrail has been pulled like an earthworm from a conscious victim. The Grand Guignol is closed forever.

A new, bland theater for avant-garde plays will rise where only recently audiences watched a nude and lissome actress nailed to a cross and carved to pieces by a group of gypsy magicians chanting something that sounded like a Protestant hymn sung backwards. Still another victim—popular with modern fans—was bound, gagged and whipped; then the tips of her breasts were clipped off with hedge shears and her eyes were scooped out with a soup spoon and a jackknife. "We are very proud of that sequence," said Charles Nonon, the Grand Guignol's last director. "We consider it original, at least onstage."†

The theater had a repertoire of more

* A prosaic moniker alongside such inspired noms de diabolique as Giza Stripp, Helen Bied, and the ecclesiastical eddyliast, Norma Vincent Peel.

† Though Novelist Carson McCullers offered her readers similar amputations in *Reflections in a Golden Eye*.



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La donna è mobile

The cynical lyrics of Verdi's great aria are belied by the enduring affection which unfickle generations of music lovers have held it since *Rigoletto's* premiere in 1851.


This week, LIFE presents a spectacular duet of art and music: the splendor of *Rigoletto* in a 15-page color portfolio, painted on special commission by the prominent American artist, Morton Roberts. In these paintings, Roberts captures the same sweep of human emotion as does Verdi's flamboyant score, which seethes with passion, hate, murder, ennobling love and despicable villainy.

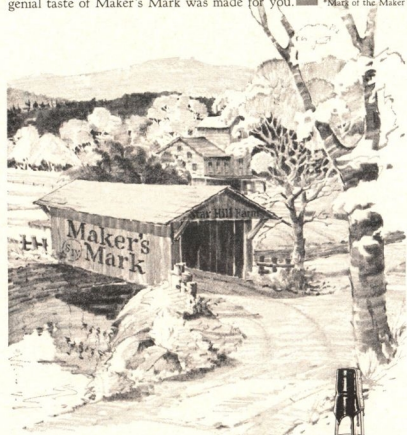
LIFE pays its respects, too, to the tradition of Italian opera which gave rise to *Rigoletto*, *Pagliacci*, *La Bohème*—such famous operatic landmarks as La Scala—and the Italian audience, who view their opera with all the heat of old-time Dodger fans—and often just as vocally.

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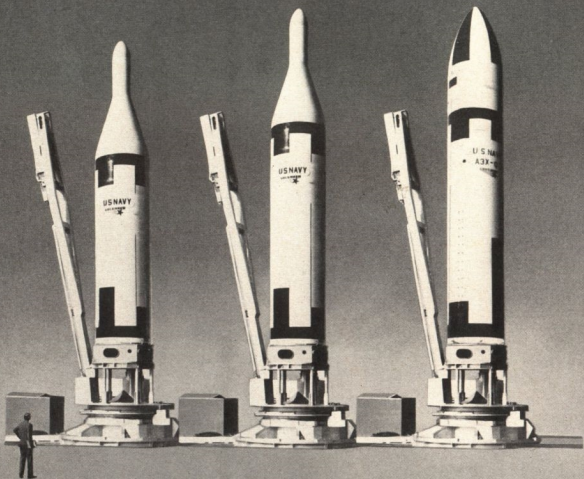
ACTION AT GRAND GUIGNOL
 The blood came in nine shades.

than a thousand one-acters. Severed heads thudded regularly to the Grand Guignol boards, bit players were cooked in acid, and one character regularly had her face pushed down onto a red-hot stove, where it sizzled deliciously. In a great favorite called *The Laboratory of Hallucinations*, a surgeon operated on the brain of his wife's lover, pinching here, clamping there, until he had turned the fellow utterly mad. The patient then got up off the table and drove a chisel through the doctor's forehead. Audiences used to faint, shriek, and vomit in the alley outside the theater. One night the house doctor was summoned to the aid of a fallen customer, but the doctor himself had collapsed.

World War II began the end of the Grand Guignol. "We could never equal Buchenwald," moaned Nonon. "Before the war, everyone felt that what was happening onstage was impossible. Now we know that these things, and worse, are possible in reality." Where audiences once cowered in fear, they started to whinny. But for 20 years, the management held off the inevitable by adding sex and comedy to the basic terror.

Technically, the postwar Grand Guignol was as good as ever. First-rate viscera were made from red rubber hose and sponges soaked in blood. Hand bulbs squirted blood through a hollow in the spoons that gouged out victims' eyes. The blood really curdled. It came in nine shades, and was mixed daily by Director Nonon.

In a sense, Charles Nonon was the Escoffier of the Grand Guignol. For eye-gouging scenes, he bought eyeballs from taxidermists, coated them with aspic, and stuffed them with three anchovies marinated in blood. In Paris last week, there was a rumor that Nonon will soon open a quiet little restaurant on the Rue Morgue.



The remarkable evolution of the Polaris missile

The trend in missile technology is to strive for greater range or a heavier payload *without increasing the size of the missile*. Most brilliant example of America's success is the Navy's Polaris. The range of the A-3 will be *double* that of the A-1 — yet all three versions will fit into a launch tube only 54 inches in diameter and 31 feet long.

It was just six years ago, come January, that the Navy announced its plans for a completely new kind of ballistic missile—to be launched from submerged submarines — and chose Lockheed Mis-

siles & Space Company to build it. Thus was born the close-knit partnership between the Navy's Special Projects Office and Lockheed, which was soon to develop a revolutionary method for speeding new weapon systems to completion. Highlights of their achievement:

January, 1958: first test vehicle successfully fired. *May, 1959:* first two-stage Polaris meets all test objectives. *July, 1960:* a submerged sub launches two

1200-mile A-1 Polaris missiles. *November, 1960:* the first Polaris-armed sub goes on patrol. *December, 1961:* the 1500-mile A-2 Polaris goes into production. *August, 1962:* the first 2500-mile A-3 Polaris is successfully test fired.


Today the Navy's growing fleet of Polaris-armed subs is a potent force for peace in a troubled world.

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LOCKHEED



The abandoned child...and how the people of Pittsburgh made a home for her



Her name is Beth. She is six going on seven.

Beth was one of the hundreds of abandoned children who jammed the Juvenile Court of Pittsburgh. They had no place to go.

Westinghouse station KDKA-TV dramatically revealed their need. During the program, a stark, poignant film was shown...Beth and twenty other children wedged in one small room...so close together they could hardly make their beds.

Result: Beth and all the other kids found homes; the court ended up with a backlog of volunteer foster parents.

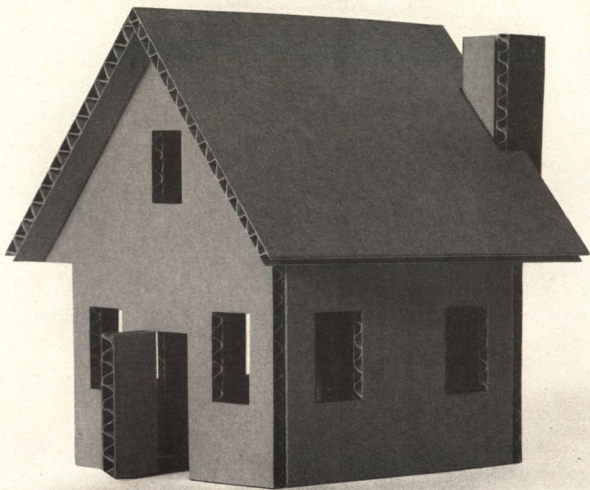
This was but one of the 150 community service editorials broadcast by KDKA-TV. Topics ranged from Education to Mental Health; Obscene Literature to Strip Mine Pollution. The topics were different. But they had one thing in common: motivating people to act for and about their community.

This ability to influence people, project ideas and move products is characteristic of the Westinghouse Broadcasting Company Stations. Stations that demonstrate daily the fact that *community responsibility evokes community response*.



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TIME, NOVEMBER 30, 1962

U.S. BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

The Economy: UP

Scanning the latest electrocardiogram readings on the heart of the U.S. economy, Commerce Department Economist Irving Rottenberg quipped: "The optimists are beginning to firm, and the pessimists are beginning to squirm." Items:

- Urban housing starts recovered from a deep slide in September to score a 17% rise in October, when they ran at an annual rate of 1,460,000 (see below).
- Personal income registered its biggest increase since April, climbed \$2.1 billion in October to a record annual rate of \$445.6 billion.
- New orders for durable goods followed their 1% rise in September with a 3½% rise last month to a record \$16.6 billion.
- Auto sales during the first third of November were up 11% to an alltime high for the period. This, following October's record sales of 728,500 U.S.-made cars, inspired automakers to boost production schedules to 2,050,000 cars for the fourth quarter, more than they have ever built in any last quarter.

► Department store sales have risen for four straight weeks, are running 4% ahead of last year.

► The stock market took note of the good news; the Dow-Jones industrial average gained 13.87 points for the week to close at 644.87, highest since a week before Blue Monday.

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Housing: Rising

The Kennedy Administration's economists made some extravagantly incorrect predictions about the course of the U.S. economy for 1962, but they were right on the nose with their forecasts for housing. A year ago, the Administration predicted that urban starts of new houses and apartment units would rise about 9% during 1962, to a total of some 1,400,000. Last week's report from the Commerce Department strongly indicates that the final total will hit that mark.

Builders are getting their biggest boost from the demand for new apartments. A decade ago, when the great yearning was for a home in the suburbs, apartments accounted for only 10% to 15% of the housing starts; this year they will amount to 30% across the nation, to 50% or so in greater Chicago and Southern California—and to a whopping 80% in New York City. Among the key factors behind this rise: the number of older couples who want easy-to-care-for apartments is increasing, and land prices have shot up so much that apartments are a more efficient use of expensive space.

Even so, the market for homes remains strong, partly because mortgage money is easier. The recent rise in interest rates on savings deposits has created a healthy surplus of lendable funds in banks and savings-and-loan associations, and last summer's stock market drop made insurance companies and pension funds more interested in investing in safer mortgages. Mortgage-interest rates run as low as 5% in Chicago and 5½% in the fast-building West.

The average price of a new house insured by FHA, which covers nearly 20% of the homebuilding market, has gone up \$1,000 this year, to \$15,000. Prices have risen slightly for better houses, too, and demand for them is increasing. A solid-quality house with three bedrooms, fully equipped kitchen, two bathrooms and a playroom sells for \$16,000 to \$22,000 in Atlanta, \$18,000 to \$23,000 in Kansas City, and \$23,000 to \$33,000 in Los Angeles.

There are signs now that prices are stabilizing and that an investment in a house is losing some of its value as a hedge against inflation. Seattle Mortgage Banker Herndon McKay thinks that "the point has been reached where the purchaser can expect to sell his home for less than he paid for it"—just like any other item that depreciates with age and use.

For next year, Government economists



predict no fall-off in apartment building, but no sudden spurt in single-home building. It looks to them like another year of 1,400,000 private, nonfarm housing starts, worth \$18 billion to the economy.

Durables: Solid

One of the most important auguries for the future is that new orders for durable goods have risen two months in a row. This means that prospects for machine-tool builders and for the makers of pri-



HOUSING STARTS & FINISHES IN ST. LOUIS
With a lift from flats, it looks like another good year.

mary metals—particularly steel—are better than at any time this year.

Orders for primary metals were up 10% in October, and most of this was because steel companies are finally beginning to receive substantial calls for more supplies from the booming automakers. But steelmakers have taken such a beating all year that they are afraid to take too much heart at these signs of turnaround. Warns one Pittsburgh executive: "Don't get any idea that the increase in manufacturers' orders means that the steel industry is going to end the year in a big surge. It just isn't there."

Steel production for 1962 is expected to reach 98 million to 100 million tons, almost exactly what it was in 1961, or in 1950, for that matter. Next year looks shinier for metals. Surveying 7,500 managers in the metalworking industry, *Steel* magazine reported that they generally expect sales to rise 5% next year, to a record \$174 billion.

Orders for machine tools jumped 22% in October, to \$61 million. This is important for the whole economy because manufacturers of all kinds usually step up their ordering of tools when they plan to boost output in the coming months. Toolmakers reported that orders were coming in from companies in every branch of business. "While the increase isn't startlingly high," says a top Administration economist, "purchases of machinery can be the trigger to a new advance in capital spending." If so, it would mean that the Kennedy Administration's grant of tax credits for plant modernization and speeded-up depreciation schedules finally may be paying some much-needed dividends for the economy.

AEROSPACE

Bagging the Big One

Rarely had the Pentagon seen such bitter infighting. For the past year Boeing and General Dynamics have been locked in battle for the contract to build a bi-service tactical fighter plane called the TFX. It is quite a prize. So advanced is the TFX that some airmen contend it will be the last manned fighter plane.

Utilizing a retractable "variable-sweep" wing, the TFX will enable man to fly almost like a bird. To take off, soar and land, it will straighten its wings for maximum lift; in flight it will tuck its wings into its body, enabling it to dive and thrust like a falcon. Flying at more than twice the speed of sound, the two-man plane will range up to 3,000 miles with a load of nuclear-tipped missiles. The variable-sweep wing idea came from Aerodynamist John Stack five years ago, when he was working for the Government. Big design teams from Boeing and General Dynamics have built on it.

General Dynamics cried that if it lost out on the TFX, it would have to lay off 5,000 workers at its sprawling Fort Worth plant, where B-58 bomber production was phased out one month ago. Boeing claimed that it might have to close its Wichita plant, where B-52 production also was halted last month. Poli-



ROGER LEWIS & TFX MODEL
Flying like a bird.

ticians from both areas naturally took a lively interest in the matter.

Last week the order for 22 TFX's, worth an estimated \$1.3 billion altogether, went to General Dynamics. It will pass on an as yet undetermined amount of work to its ally in the competition, Grumman Aircraft. Fast-rising Grumman thus bagged its second major contract within a month, having earlier won a \$350 million order for the LEM moon "bug" (TIME, Nov. 16).

The TFX award was a signal victory for General Dynamics' President Roger Lewis, 50, who took charge last February after the company had lost a staggering \$143 million in 1961. Lewis, a onetime Assistant Secretary of the Air Force (1953-55), has tightened operations and



GREATAMERICA'S TROY POST
Taking off with ready cash.

tugged GD back into the black. On TFX he got some help from that charming, arm-twisting Texan, Lyndon Baines Johnson. Pentagon insiders now refer to the TFX as the LBJ.

Another factor was that Loser Boeing could not poor-mouth very effectively. With its plum contracts involving the Minuteman missile, the Saturn booster and the modernization of older B-52s, Boeing has enough work to keep its Wichita plant going. Boeing has also developed the X-20 Dyna-Soar, the first fully maneuverable spacecraft. If the Air Force wins its fight for a military role in space, Boeing's Dyna-Soar could supersede the TFX on some yonder tomorrow.

HIGH FINANCE

The Quiet Texan

Six spirited bidders turned up last week when Western Bancorporation, a big holding company, carried out antitrust orders to sell off California's First Western Bank & Trust. Of the six, a little-known Texas insurance man named Troy Victor Post, 56, showed a clear and present advantage. Said a Bancorporation director: "Post's offer had something unique about it—money." Where most of the bidders offered complicated deferred-payment deals, Post upocketed \$60.5 million in ready cash. He quickly got First Western, which has assets of \$612 million.

Big-wheeling deals are a habit with this shy Dallas millionaire, who in rimless glasses looks like a bookkeeper. His success does not involve Texas charm or high pressure, of which he has little, but simply his canny ability to fetch up more cash than anyone else. Troy Post's fortune is calculated to be at least \$70 million, and he has amassed it almost wholly in the past 16 years by investing in the seemingly bland field of life insurance, where he has shown an eye for companies ready, in his words, "to take off."

Helped by the Law. A poor tenant farmer's son who had to quit high school to go to work in the mail room of a bank, Post by 1933 had saved \$138, which he used to organize the Pioneer American Life Insurance Co. in his home town of Haskell, Texas. The state's insurance laws in those days favored small local companies, and Post formed a mutual company, signed up almost everyone in town. The company grew fast during World War II, helped by a Post decision to insure G.I.s without disallowing benefits for death in combat.

Post later sold his share of Pioneer American for \$37,500, used the money to buy the low-selling shares of life insurance companies that he figured were ready to move. In 1955 he bought control of American Life Insurance Co. of Birmingham, took advantage of a loose Alabama law that permits insurance companies to invest their assets heavily in common stock, including the shares of other insurance companies. Insurance stocks have boomed along with the general lifting of U.S. wealth and standards in recent years—and so has American Life. Under Post, it has increased capital and surplus

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BETHLEHEM STEEL



2,000% to \$25.7 million, and now has \$700 million worth of insurance in force.

Greater Horizons. From his assorted holdings, Post created a company whose title is fitted to his horizons: Greatamerica Corp. Its assets of \$900 million make it the U.S.'s biggest life insurance holding company. Currently, it embraces American Life, Franklin Life, Gulf Life (whose control Post bought from Fellow Texans Clint and John Murchison for \$17.5 million) and a company with the lapel-clutching name of Amicable Life.

Post has also begun to dabble outside insurance with great success. With James Ling, boss of Ling-Temco-Vought, he is building a 31-story skyscraper in Dallas. A Post mutual fund called Life Insurance Stock Fund, with a portfolio of life insurance shares, last year increased its value per share from \$5.09 to \$13.01, for the best gain of any U.S. mutual fund. (Current value per share: \$10.75.)

For all his hoopla on the financial front, Post leads a sedate private life. He enjoys nothing more than spending a quiet evening with his wife and three children in their \$1,500,000 Georgian mansion. In fact, he likes that quiet evening so much that he often leaves his spacious office at 3:30 p.m. to get a head start on it.

RAILROADS

Toward a Broader Gauge

Few U.S. railroads have as colorful a history as the 111-year-old Illinois Central, whose 6,466 miles of track run like steel spines down mid-America from Chicago to the Gulf Coast. Young Abe Lincoln was a lawyer for the I.C. for seven years. Civil War generals such as the Union's George B. McClellan and the Confederacy's P.G.T. Beauregard were once officials of the line. The real-life Casey Jones was an I.C. engineer at the turn of the century: "Casey's daughter fell on her knees / 'Mama, mama how can it be / Papa got killed on the old I.C.?"

Casey himself would cry if he could see the plight of the modern I.C. Hit by competition from highways, waterways and airways, the road has watched earnings slip from \$26.5 million in 1955 to \$12.7 million last year. It has sought salvation through diversification, only to be blocked by the Interstate Commerce Commission, which still treats the railroads as if they were the monopolistic Goliaths of the past. To get around this, the I.C. last week applied to the Securities and Exchange Commission for permission to switch to the status of a holding company, which would control the railroad but be free to diversify outside of transportation. If SEC and stockholders approve as expected, the I.C. will exchange its 3,135,415 shares with its stockholders on a one-for-one basis, convert itself into Illinois Central Industries Inc., and start diversifying next summer.

"A very desirable possibility" for diver-

*With Government approval, holding companies have been set up by two smaller lines, the Kansas City Southern and the Bangor & Aroostook. The I.C., eleventh biggest U.S. railroad, is the first major line to apply.



STOUFFER IN TEST KITCHEN



RALPH WOLFE—LIFE

STOUFFER RESTAURANT AT LINCOLN CENTER
Always eatable, usually tasty.

sification, says the I.C.'s highly rated President Wayne A. Johnston, 65, would be the construction of offices or apartments on the scenic lakefront lands that the I.C. owns near Chicago's Loop. "We must also acquire some manufacturing firm that would produce a lot of traffic for the railroad," says Johnston. "Almost any promising venture will be considered, whether it be a jewelry store or a hamburger stand." Illinois Central Industries would be forbidden to acquire directly competing transportation companies, but beyond that it would be a fairly free agent.

The new holding company would have a good base for expansion: some \$60 million in cash for spending. In fact, the plan is so promising that other railroads are considering taking the track into holding companies.

CORPORATIONS

Something Like Mom's

Fresh out of the University of Pennsylvania's Wharton business school in 1923, young Vernon Stouffer decided to invest his talents in a highly unlikely place—his mother's kitchen. Her Dutch apple pies had made the family's snack bar the most popular one in Cleveland. "The possibility of a chain of restaurants serving food with fresh homelike flavor appealed to me," remembers Stouffer (rhymes with show fur).

The idea has so appealed to U.S. diners that Vernon Stouffer now rules an efficient chain of 37 restaurants in eleven states that along with a fast-expanding frozen-food business rang up sales of \$51 million and a \$1,500,000 profit last year.

The Fail-Safe System. Stouffer's recipe for success is to concentrate on plain dishes prepared the way Mom used to make them, and to have only women do the cooking. Five-foot five-inch Vernon Stouffer, 61, who is married and the father of three, is convinced that "women know food better than men. They like to fuss with foods—they care more." Stouf-

fer's food is unlikely to send a gourmet into raptures, or to show much evidence of fuss, but it is inevitably eatable, usually tasty, always well-served, and priced moderately. The economy luncheon special averages a dollar.

A "fail-safe" system ensures that each restaurant abides by Stouffer standards. The research kitchen at the Cleveland headquarters has standardized 4,500 Stouffer recipes, prescribes the menus for every link in the chain. Vern Stouffer studies the menus, often steps into the kitchen to test-taste, sends his secretary such memos as "Haven't seen baked bananas lately." As chairman, chief stockholder, and tastemaker, Stouffer is on the road at least one-third of the time to keep up the standards. He likes to drop into his restaurants unannounced, order a meal as if he were just another customer, then quiz managers on such details as the amount of chicken broth that goes into Stouffer's official vichyssoise. Says Stouffer: "You can't delegate quality control."

Tops on Fifth. Though Howard Johnson's has a thicker cut of the national restaurant business, Stouffer's boasts some superlatives of its own. In Manhattan, Stouffer's Fifth Avenue, which includes the skyscraping Top of the Six's, is the nation's largest restaurant operation, grossing \$5,000,000 annually. At the Equitable Life Assurance headquarters, Stouffer's serves 6,000 lunches daily, a record for employee feeding. It also runs restaurants at the new Philadelphia Hall at Lincoln Center, and at Disneyland.

Vern Stouffer expects that premium-priced frozen foods, which now account for 40% of the company's gross, eventually will bring in more than 50% of it. But he says: "The restaurants will always remain the hallmark of our quality." He personally intends to see that they do. And he has his own special means for keeping his waistline in fighting trim for all those calorie-loaded inspection trips: when not on the road or entertaining guests, he usually lunches at his desk on buttermilk and crackers.

WORLD BUSINESS

WESTERN EUROPE

Notably But Their Chickens

Not long ago, chicken was a costly delicacy in Europe; it was said that the European workman ate a chicken only when either he or the bird was sick. Now chicken is common fare, and not just on Sunday. Much of the credit belongs to U.S. chicken farmers, who have brought down prices from Antwerp to Zurich by delivering frozen broilers to Europe at 30.5¢ a lb. Last year the intake of chicken rose 23% in West Germany alone. Demand for chicken expanded briskly in the rest of Europe, and U.S. farmers, with shipments worth \$45 million, grabbed nearly half of the import market.

That's when the great chicken war began. The Dutch accused the U.S. of dumping chickens in Europe at prices below cost of production. In Bavaria and Westphalia, protectionist German farmers' associations stormed that U.S. chickens are artificially fattened with arsenic and should be banned. The French government did ban U.S. chickens, using the excuse that they are fattened with estrogen. With typical Gallic concern, Frenchmen hinted that such hormones could have catastrophic effects on male virility.*

Berlin & Broilers. The Common Market is making every effort to shoo away the U.S. chickens. A new rule effective last July fixes minimum prices on poultry entering the market, and each of the six member nations is also permitted to tack on a tax pegged to domestic poultry production costs. The minimum price set for U.S. broilers is 33.3¢ a lb., and the West German supplemental tax adds

*U.S. poultrymen, with Food and Drug Administration approval, fortify chicken feed with antimony or arsenic compounds or estrogen hormones to stimulate growth and make their birds fatten faster.

another 9.7¢. To make matters worse, the Common Market this month imposed an arbitrary surcharge of 2.8¢ on broilers. All this boosts delivery prices of U.S. chickens by as much as 50%. Since August, U.S. exporters have lost 25% of their chicken business in the Common Market.

The U.S. has begun to react to these fowl blows. In Geneva, Senator J. William Fulbright from chicken-fat Arkansas interrupted a debate over nuclear weapons for NATO forces to protest Continental hostility to U.S. chickens. Confering with Konrad Adenauer about Berlin this month, John Kennedy also brought up broilers. In Brussels two weeks ago, Agriculture Secretary Orville Freeman grimly announced: "We are not going to see our proper and historic export markets lightly taken away from us."

The Bigger Fight. The great chicken war is only the opening blast in a larger crisis in trade relations between the U.S. and the Common Market. The U.S. sells 10% of its farm produce abroad, and one-third of that total—or \$1.1 billion worth—usually goes to Common Market nations. The Common Market has made no secret that it is moving toward broadly higher agricultural tariffs to protect small, inefficient European farmers. Last week a panel of U.S. economists reported to Congress that U.S. farm exports to Europe may shrink as much as 30% by 1970. Heaviest losses are expected to be in rice, wheat, feed grains—and poultry.

The U.S. is prepared to take countermeasures. "We did not come here to threaten," said Freeman in Brussels—and then he went on to threaten that the U.S. may boost some tariffs of its own if the Common Market does. But the newly potent Europeans appeared to be unflinched. They feel that the U.S. needs their markets more than they need U.S. markets.

JAPAN

Two for Hitachi

Hitachi, Ltd., the Japanese electrical giant that is equally adept at making tiny transistor radios and huge hydroelectric generators, last week gave the U.S. electrical industry a stinging lesson in how to get U.S. Government contracts. Hitachi won a \$612,659 contract to build two 4,500-h.p. hydraulic turbines for the Interior Department's Blue Mesa power plant in Colorado, and another \$3,221,813 contract to supply eight pump turbines for a federal reclamation project in California's San Joaquin valley. It won the awards simply because its bids ranged from 5% to 41% lower than those of such competing U.S. giants as Allis-Chalmers and Newport News Shipbuilding & Drydock Co. Hitachi, whose sales in the past five years have increased 280% to last year's \$1 billion, thus made an important advance in its drive to excel in highly industrialized markets.

EUROPE'S BUSINESSMEN BUREAUCRATS

SOME of Europe's biggest business executives are on government payrolls. The companies they run are, variously, monuments of socialist tradition, nationalist pride or the turbulence of the Depression and World War II. In France, state ownership of industry is estimated to be 20% or more. One lingering result of Mussolini's corporate state is that modern Italian businessmen must operate in an economy where more than one-third of business is controlled by the government. In Germany, Hitler's Third Reich started Volkswagen to produce his "people's car," but it made war vehicles instead and is still 40% state-owned. Governments control every major European airline—because every government proudly feels it must have one, and no one else is willing to lose such money.

Many of these state-controlled companies are now run by boldly unique businessmen bureaucrats, whose management skills are widely and publicly admired by their free-enterprising competitors. Some leaders:

Italy's Manuelli

Italy's biggest steelmaker is a civil servant, but hardly servile. Says bullish-looking Ernesto Manuelli, 56, president of the state-controlled Finsider steel complex: "I have more freedom of action than a man in my position in private business. Presidents of Fiat or Pirelli often have to get their boards' permission before initiating changes. I don't." Several years ago, he rebuffed a government demand that Finsider build a plant in job-starved southern Italy, instead vastly expanded its plants in Genoa before moving down the Boot. Manuelli also publicly opposed the nationalization of Italy's electric power industry this year, arguing that it would only upset the stock market (it did) and "double the public debt." Socialists angrily demanded his scalp, but Manuelli held his job simply because he has done so well in it.

Manuelli is accustomed to political pressures. Rising through various state-run companies, he was picked by the first postwar Italian government in 1945 to head the Ansaldo shipyards, immediately became a target for Communist gunmen who had secreted an arsenal there in preparation for a general uprising. Manuelli cleaned out Ansaldo, but had to go around with a revolver in his pocket and with two "escorts" carrying tommy guns. Since he took charge of Finsider in 1958, its sales have risen 45% to last year's \$761 million, and production has gone up 55% to 5,100,000 tons—a remarkable amount for a country that in 1945 produced only 400,000 tons. Rapidly expanding, Manuelli plans to double output by 1966, produce



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MANUELLI



HALLE



DREYFUS



ENDE



OWE



BEECHING

10.5 million tons out of an expected national total of 15.5 million tons.

But Manuelli is not a buccaneering empire builder in the manner of the late Oilman Enrico Mattei. "I welcome competition," he says. "After all, the more steel we have, the better for Italy."

Finland's Halle

Another lifelong bureaucrat who is his own boss is 54-year-old Pentti Halle (pronounced *Hol-leh*), head of Finland's third biggest company, the Enso-Gutzeit paper and forest products complex. "In sales and purchasing we operate just like a private firm," says Halle, who started as an Enso-Gutzeit engineer 28 years ago. Picked last April to head the company, he refused to yield to politicians' requests that he build a pulp mill in underemployed eastern Finland, instead chose a site in a more economic area where the company owns timberland.

Enso-Gutzeit, originally a Norwegian company, was taken over in 1918 by the Finnish government, which wanted to get its vast timber holdings out of foreign hands. The Soviet annexation of some Finnish lands in 1940 cost Enso-Gutzeit 40% of its paper and pulp capacity and all of its hydroelectric stations. Coming back steadily since the war, it now has sales of \$130 million and accounts for 10% of Finland's exports.

France's Dreyfus

Nationalized largely out of necessity, France's automaking Renault was taken over after Founder Louis Renault was accused of being a wartime Nazi collaborator. Says the government careerist who runs it today, quiet-spoken Pierre Dreyfus, 55: "We operate like an absolute monarchy, and I make all the decisions." The government can question his judgment only by firing him, but that is most unlikely. Under Dreyfus since 1955, Renault's sales have increased 47% to last year's \$604 million, and its gnaty Dauphines and rakish Caravelles have driven into export markets around the world.

In a country where well-educated civil servants command huge prestige and powers (and can readily get to top jobs in private industry), Dreyfus is a government servant to the hilt, with a driving sense of patriotic mission. He is paid only the relatively low salary of a civil employee (the amount is secret), but he pays talented aides more than that to keep them at Renault. He set up a plant

in Algeria amidst all its chaos in 1959 because the government wanted Moslems and Europeans to try working together. It may take a while for that venture to become profitable, but Dreyfus considers it worthwhile nevertheless and prides himself on the fact that Renault brings in \$440 a minute in foreign exchange for France.

West Germany's Ende

There are obvious disadvantages to state control, as can be testified by duelscarred Konrad Ende, 67, general director of the biggest wholly state-owned industrial company in the free world, Germany's Salzgitter AG, which had sales of \$780 million last year from ore, coal, steel, oil and heavy machinery. Strapped for capital, as are many German firms (TIME, Nov. 23), Salzgitter is prohibited by the government from selling stock and, burdened by an already unwieldy long-term debt, is reluctant to borrow further from high-interest bankers. The Bonn government is miserly with its grants, while requiring Ende to serve some political ends. His Salzgitter AG has had to take over two uneconomic producers of electrical machinery and railroad equipment in West Berlin to help lift the city's economy.

Ende, a mining engineer who served as an archconservative Deputy in the Reichstag in the last days of the Weimar Republic, joined Salzgitter in 1941, when it was still known as Reichswerke Hermann Göring. He ran its mining operations in Germany and in Nazi-occupied lands. In 1950 he was picked by Bonn to revitalize what the war had left to Salzgitter: a ragged collection of steelmaking plants, largely dismantled, built around some low-grade ore mines in northern Germany. Despite the many problems, Ende opened new mines, modernized the ore processing, put up steel mills, branched into oil drilling. Since Ende took over, Salzgitter's annual sales have increased by an astonishing 475%, though they are leveling off this year. "You have to compliment Ende for his drive," says a competitor. "Look at what he has been able to accomplish with that lousy ore."

Norway's Owe

Hunting for executive talent, state-run companies often raid private industry. When Norway after the war determined to expand an aluminum plant that the German occupiers had built, the govern-

ment sought the services of slender Aage Owe (pronounced *Oh-veh*), the chief of a privately owned margarine monopoly. Engineer Owe accepted the presidency of the firm—which became known simply as The Aluminum Co.—only after he won the right to hire his own staff ("I wanted to have the same advantages as my privately owned competitors. I didn't want state bureaucrats").

Plowing all the profits into modernization instead of paying dividends as some politicians wish, Owe, who is now 68, has increased yearly sales to \$53 million and production to 160,000 tons. That is twice the combined output of Norway's four private aluminum companies—and almost all of it is exported to bring in much-needed foreign exchange.

Britain's Beeching

Before taking the thankless job of running Britain's rattling railways, genial but tough Richard Beeching raised a public storm last year by insisting that the government match the salary that he got as technical director of Imperial Chemical Industries: \$67,000. That was 2½ times what his predecessor got and much higher than the Prime Minister's pay (\$28,000), but Beeching's principles opposed a comedown. Beeching, now 49, may be worth much more than that to the railways, which ran a crashing \$252 million in the red last year.

A trained physicist indifferent to expensive traditions, he coldly reduces problems to charts and graphs, is described by an aide as "the sort of battle commander who can make a careful assessment of the casualties needed to win and then go off to a peaceful lunch." He has already raised fares on heavily traveled commuter runs and proposed to scuttle lightly traveled ones. He wants to close 24 obsolete repair shops (which would eliminate 18,000 jobs), also intends to speed up freight schedules and give major companies their own freight cars in what he calls "the livery of their own choice."

Some Britons who tend to demand new station houses and an end to deficits in the same breath sniff at "Dr. Beeching's bitter pills." Totally unflinched by criticism, Beeching says his goal is to convert the railways from "a political shuttlescock" into a lean, efficient business. Should he do it, Beeching would achieve distinction as a bureaucrat who disobeyed Parkinson's Law and actually managed to diminish a bureaucracy.

MILESTONES

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Born. To Edwina Sandys Dixon, 23, daughter of Britain's Commonwealth Relations Secretary Duncan Sandys, granddaughter of Sir Winston Churchill, and Piers Dixon, 33, banker son of Sir Pierson Dixon, British Ambassador to France: their first child, a boy; in London.

Died. John Shubert, 53, dour, second-generation head of a backstage family that owned and ran the nation's biggest chain of legitimate theaters (17 of the 33 on Broadway, others in Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago and Cincinnati); of a heart attack; aboard a train bound for Florida. True to Shubert's instructions, his funeral took place on the stage of the Majestic Theater, with his widow seated by the casket, and some 1,200 mourners and business associates in the orchestra and balconies. No clergy officiated at the rites held, as the theater owner requested, "on a non-matinee day."

Died. George Joseph Maurer, 56, senior reading clerk of the House of Representatives since 1943, a stentorian speaker who could call the roll of 437 members in less than 20 minutes, or plow through a 90-page bill unnoticeably abridging the tedious parts; of a heart attack; in Westfield, N.J.

Died. Harry F. Reutlinger, 66, longtime newsmen on Hearst's Chicago American, who started as a copy boy in 1914 and, on the strength of such scoops as the Black Sox baseball scandal and the Lindbergh kidnapping ransom note, climbed to city editor (1936-51) and managing editor (1951-60); of cancer; in Chicago. In 1938, guessing that a daredevilish pilot named Douglas Corrigan might not fly to Los Angeles from New York as he had told civil aeronautics officials, Reutlinger put in transatlantic phone calls to major Irish airports. Reaching Corrigan just after the flyer landed his single-engine monoplane at Dublin, the newsmen prompted, "Fly the wrong way?" "I sure did," said the pilot, forever after famed as "Wrong Way" Corrigan. "Stick to that," advised Reutlinger. "It's the best story you can get."

Died. Sao Shwe Thaikie, 66, first President of the Union of Burma from 1948 to 1953, hereditary leader of the Shan tribe, and thought by Burma's military to be a key man behind the Shan separatist movement; he was arrested in last March's coup; when troops surrounded his rambling Rangoon mansion and shot to death his 17-year-old son; of a heart attack; while under detention in an army camp outside Rangoon.

Died. Dennis Chavez, 74, a descendant of Spanish pioneers, who served six terms as a U.S. Senator from New Mexico; of a heart attack; in Washington. Devoted to the task of getting federal funds for his water-short state, roughly a third of

whose population speaks Spanish, Democrat Chavez pushed aid through Congress —\$1 billion this year alone—to rechannel the Rio Grande and, among other things, to bring water from the Colorado River to create new Navajo farm land. To his responsive voters, Chavez always could say: "Soy uno de ustedes," meaning, "I am one of you."

Died. Niels Henrik David Bohr, 77, Danish physicist, explorer of the architecture of the atom; of a stroke; in Copenhagen (see SCIENCE).

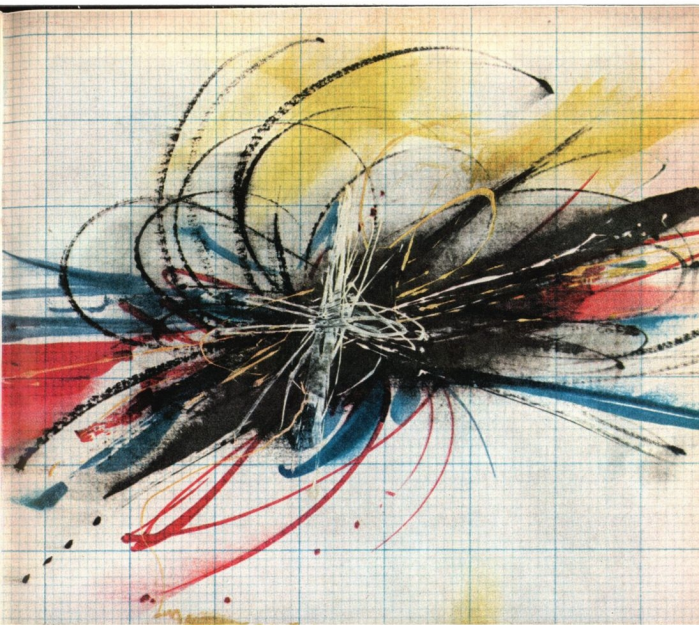
Died. René Jules Gustave Coty, 80, last President of France's Fourth Republic, a Norman lawyer who became his nation's beloved symbolic chief-of-state and tactful tenant of the Elysée Palace from 1953 to 1959; of heart complications and influenza; in Le Havre. An obscure senator, Coty was the Parliament's compromise choice to break a twelve-ballot deadlock, and once in office turned his ceremonial position into a center of stability in a time of splintered politics, Cabinet crises and bloody colonial wars. In May 1958, with France on the verge of civil war, Coty dramatically threatened to resign, forcing a bitterly divided Parliament to accept as Premier his eventual successor in the Fifth Republic, General Charles de Gaulle.

Died. Admiral Sir Gerald Charles Dickens, 83, grandson of Novelist Charles Dickens and son of Old Bailey Jurist Sir Henry Fielding Dickens, a writer on naval strategy and a steadfast careerist in Britain's senior service, who began as a midshipman at 15 and rose to flag rank with a battle record that stretched from Gallipoli in 1914 to North Africa in World War II; of a heart attack; in London.

Died. Jasper McLevy, 84, longtime Socialist mayor of Bridgeport, Conn.; of a stroke; in Bridgeport (see THE NATION).

Died. Clara Langhorne Clemens Samossoud, 88, daughter of Humorist Mark Twain and the only one of his three children to outlive him, a keen and accomplished woman who assisted her father on his globe-trotting lecture tours, became a concert singer after his death in 1910, and refused until last August to release his scorching antireligious essays, *Letters from the Earth*, because she did not believe the world ready for them; of a heart ailment; in San Diego.

Died. James Bone, 90, one of Fleet Street's best-known journalists, London editor of the Manchester Guardian from 1912 to 1945, a craggy Scot who enjoyed his role as friend and unofficial mentor of two generations of U.S. journalists abroad, so many, in fact, that he once wryly observed, "London without Americans is almost inconceivable, especially to Americans"; of a stroke; in Tilford, England.



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CINEMA

Village Idiot

Two for the Seesaw. Gittel Moscovitz is a slob, also a kook. Number one, she lives in the Village and looks it. She is 29 but she still wears ballet flats, black tights and bulky knits, and her hair is like something she maybe found under a bed. Add to which she is having her second ulcer and living on cottage cheese, as everybody can plainly see from the mess on the front of her bulky knit. But Gittel has a career. She is known as Gittel Mosca on the stage—of the 92nd Street Y.M.H.A. Gittel has push. For years she picked up her unemployment check every week and rode the subway uptown to study interpretive dancing with José Limón. And Gittel has principles. No matter how terribly she is tempted, she never sleeps with a man on the first date. Unfortunately, Gittel also has a heart as big as Hadassah. She supports half the dead-beatniks who shack up with her, and sometimes she even pays their train fare to see other girls.

Gittel (Shirley MacLaine) is the happy-go-unlucky heroine of this earthy, funny, warm and surprisingly wise little comedy adapted by Isobel Lennart from the Broadway success (1958-59) by playwright William Gibson. Like the play, the film tells the story of Gittel's affair with a visiting fireman who has run out of steam, a lawyer (Robert Mitchum) from Omaha whose problems gee with Gittel's. She has been a doormat for men, he has been a lap dog for his wife. He needs self-reliance, she needs self-respect.

In the course of their brief affair the lawyer and the slob laugh, cry, work, play, fight, love, live. And at the end of the affair, they are wiser and stronger than they were before. For the first time in his life, the lawyer loves as a grown man loves, taking what he wants and leaving what he doesn't; and what he doesn't want, he decides, is to spend his life with Gittel. The shock is painful, but for the first time in her life she refuses to give herself to a man who doesn't want her self. She sends him home, and home he goes to make a new and hopeful start.

Seesaw has its ups and downs, among them MacLaine and Mitchum. On Broadway, Anne Bancroft opened her veins and transfused the audience with hot red gouts of life and laughter; in the film, MacLaine turns on her talent like a spigot, and out comes a cooler flow of charm and humor. On Broadway, Henry Fonda was a mirror skillfully held to reflect the heroine; in the film, Mitchum is just another blank wall in her cold-water flat. Still and all, in the passage from Broadway to Hollywood, not too much of the Gibson has been spilled.

Oui

The Long Absence. In a village on the Seine a widow (Alida Vali) keeps a small café. Her husband, caught by the Gestapo during World War II, has been dead for 15 years, and she has long since made her



MITCHUM & MACLAINE IN "SEESAW"
For the doormat, a lap dog.

peace with life, and found a lover, and stopped thinking about things that thinking cannot change.

One evening, while she muses on her doorstep, a tall old tramp (Georges Wilson) strides by. She staggers back, moves as if to cry out, hesitates, stares after him bewildered. Impossible! But for an instant she could have sworn the old tramp was her husband! Next day when he comes by again she asks him in. He has a kind mouth and sad eyes that light up wonderfully when she plays Rossini on the jukebox, but something in his face suggests a damaged and diminished man. "I've lost my memory," he explains shyly. She faints. She is sure it is he.

But is it? She speaks her husband's name: "Albert Langlois." No reaction. She recalls her husband's record in the Resistance, the prisons he was held in. Still no reaction. She confronts the tramp with her husband's aunt. Not a flicker of recog-



VALI & WILSON IN "ABSENCE"
After 15 years, a husband?

nition. She feeds him the dishes her husband loved. He cannot remember them. In agony she cries out: "Why do you refuse your past! Why do you refuse your life!" Then she sees the awful scar on the back of his head.

He takes her hand. "You are a nice woman," he says gently, regretfully. And then he leaves. She runs to the door. "Stop, Albert Langlois!" she screams after him. "Stop!" the villagers take up the cry. "You are wanted!" He stops as though a shot had been fired, and then, as if compelled by a reflex he cannot control, he slowly and with infinite hopelessness lifts his hands above his head.

The moment is stunning, and if the picture as a whole is rather less impressive it is nevertheless a fine little film. Director Henri Colpi, a 40-year-old film editor (*Last Year at Marienbad*) who had never before made a feature picture, has started strong. *The Long Absence* is notable for modesty, sincerity, genuine warmth. It is never impelled to seem larger than life; it is never felt to be less than human.

Non

Paris Belongs to Us. "Of all the New Wave films, this is the most original and the richest." Such is the opinion of many French reviewers. Perhaps they are talking about some other movie. This one is the first full-length effort of a 34-year-old critic (*Cahiers du Cinéma*) named Jacques Rivette, and the best that can be said at this point is that he promises handsomely to do better next time.

"The whole world is in danger! Not just a few people but the whole world! It's the greatest conspiracy of all time!" What conspiracy? The heroine (Betty Schneider) does not know. She only knows what she has been told by a possibly paranoid American (Daniel Crohem): that a young man (Giani Esposito) she has just met is "next." The idea obsesses her. It sounds like a mischievous fiction, but suppose it isn't? And if it isn't, can she save the young man's life?

"Help me!" she begs the American. He smiles sadly. "You can't fight the Organization." But she has to try. She visits the young man's mistress (Françoise Prévost), visits the mistress of a man who may have been murdered by the Organization, visits a sinister intellectual who murmurs something prophetic about "une fatalité biologique." No clues from any of them. No real reason to believe that the young man is in danger. But suddenly one morning he is dead.

Whodunit? The hero himself? The American? The Organization? Does the Organization actually exist? Is it just a paranoid delusion? Is the film a study of psychic contagion? an attack on the creeping totalitarianism of modern life? an intricate exercise in confusion? Director Rivette has suggested the explanation he prefers. "My picture is the adventure of a theory—in turn proposed, set aside, revised, distorted, exhausted. The end cancels the original intention. Nothing has really taken place but the scenes themselves." How true.

BOOKS

King of the YADS

NAKED LUNCH [255 pp.]—William Burroughs—Grove (\$6).

The Young American Disaffiliates (they used to be called beats, but nothing stays simple) have not done well. In matters of finance this is their intention, since the supermarket society is what they have disaffiliated from. But in literature it is merely their embarrassment. Here the best to be said for the YADS is that among them are Allen Ginsberg (*Howl*), Gregory Corso (*Fried Shoes*) and Jack Kerouac (*On the Road*). And the best to be said for these three is that each might have done something worth reading if he had not been lured by the sirens of faecal composition and second-growth Dada.

That is possible, the honorary beat will reply, but have you dug William Burroughs? (The honorary beat is gainfully employed, usually in some branch of the communications industry, but makes up for this solecism by thinking that Norman Mailer improves with age and by having, once, smoked a small quantity of marijuana.) The Burroughs gambit was, until recently, almost unanswerable, because it was almost impossible to track this author down, physically or in print. He was the greyest of grey eminences, a waith who flickered into occasional visibility in Mexico, Paris or Tangier. The few shreds of information about him have been those of the YAD catechism: he was the legendary "Bull Lee" of *On the Road*; he spent 15 years on junk; he wrote an unprintable book called *Naked Lunch*, which no one

had read but which everyone said hit the veins like a jolt of heroin.

The Odds Prevail. Now all this is changed; *Naked Lunch* will now be available at the friendly neighborhood book-store, right there beside *Youngblood Hawke* and *The New English Bible*. The terrible Mary McCarthy has spoken of Burroughs with respect, and the *Saturday Review's* John Ciardi has praised his "profoundly meaningful" search for "values." British Writer Kenneth Allsop called him "Rimbaud in a raincoat." The grey eminence himself has even appeared at that squarish of social gatherings, a writers' conference.

The reputation of an underground author is a fragile thing. For example, it had been assumed for years that Henry Miller was unprintable but highly readable. Then Grove Press, merely by publishing his two *Tropics*, proved that Miller is unreadable but highly printable. A reading of *Naked Lunch*, the grotesque diary of Burroughs' years as an addict, suggests that no such drastic deflation will occur with him. For what it is worth, Burroughs will remain grand dragon of the YADS, by acclamation and for forfeit (he denies, of course, having anything in common with his beatnik vassals, but this is merely good form; no one ever admits to being a member of a literary movement started by someone else). Although Burroughs fancies himself a satirist and occasionally resembles one when the diary's heroin fog clears a little, the value of his book is mostly confessional, not literary.

Shell & Worm. Chairbound souls, however, will put up with a lot from an author who has been there and back, whether "there" is the top of Everest or the depths of the soul. Burroughs has been there, all right; he is not only an ex-junkie, but an ex-con and, by accident, a killer. In Mexico, having acquired a wife, he shot her between the eyes playing William Tell with a revolver. (The Mexican authorities decided it was *imprudencia criminal* and dropped the whole matter.) He has even been in the Army, but not for long; he reacted to being drafted by cutting off a finger joint, and was discharged with the notation "not to be recalled or reclassified."

Presenting himself as proof that the universe is foul, Burroughs achieves the somewhat irrelevant honesty of hysteria as he writes of a malevolent world of users and pushers, of a mad conspiracy of spider-eyed manipulators who sell each other "adulterated shark repellent, cat antibiotics, condemned parachutes, stale anti-venom, inactive serums and vaccines, leaking lifeboats." All pity is mockery ("Yes I know it all. The finance company is repossessing your wife's artificial kidney. They are evicting your grandmother from her iron lung"). All degradations are cherished: a coroner named Autopsy Ahmed makes a fortune peddling an Egyptian worm that "gets into your kidneys and grows to an enormous size. Ultimately the



NICHOLAS TIANORINOFF

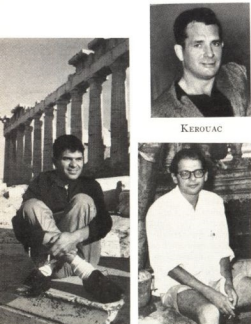
WILLIAM BURROUGHS

A grey eminence in a leaky lifeboat.

kidney is just a thin shell around the worm. Intrepid gourmets esteem the flesh of the worm above all other delicacies. It is said to be unspeakably toothsome." Most sex is homosexual and all of it is sterile: one partner murders the other in the midst of an embrace, so he can enjoy the death spasms.

Such a book might have been an eloquent attack on the insect society that civilization sometimes threatens to become. But the author is almost never in control for longer than a paragraph or two. Burroughs cannot sustain his night-world, as Joyce did in sections of *Ulysses*, and as Novelist Ralph Ellison did in the whole of that remarkable book, *Invisible Man*.

Fold-in Shakespeare. Supported by a tiny income whose source is the Burroughs adding machine, which his grandfather invented (an irony important to beat hagiographers), the 48-year-old author lives in the "beat hotel," a fleabag shrine in a section of Paris where passers-by move out of the way for rats. There in a worn grey room the worn grey man has written three other novels. *The Soft Machine*, the immediate sequel to *Naked Lunch*, repeats the rant of its predecessor with far less coherence; the improvement may be explained by Burroughs' solemn assurance that much of his writing is dictation from Hasan-i-Sabbah, founder of the eleventh century hashish-eating Ismaili cult, the Assassins. The two most recent books, *Noria Express* and *The Ticket That Exploded*, come daringly close to utter babble, according to reports. In these volumes Hasan's dictation is augmented with a "fold-in" technique: pages of the first draft (or of a newspaper, Shakespeare, or whatnot) are taken at random, folded in

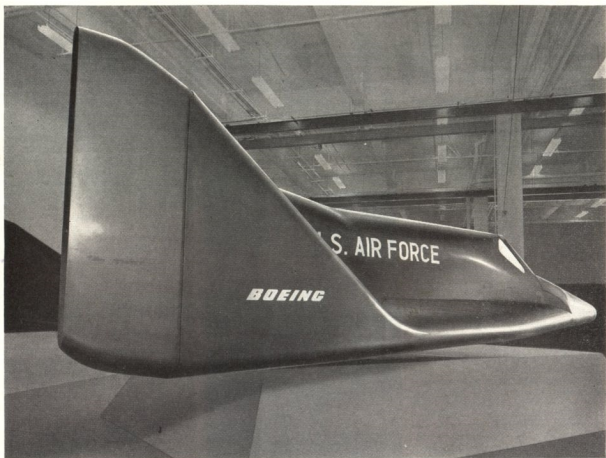


KEROUAC

CORSO

GINSBERG

A conspiracy of the spider-eyed.



X-20 DYNA-SOAR mockup shown at Boeing's Seattle plant. Combining speed of ballistic missile in space with airplane-like control in atmosphere, U. S. Air Force's Dyna-Soar will rocket into space atop giant booster, and orbit earth at speeds above

17,000 mph. Dyna-Soar's pilot will be able to fly glider back into atmosphere and land at airfield of his choice. Boeing is Dyna-Soar system contractor, responsible for manufacture of glider, integration of vehicle and booster, and assembly and test.

Capability has many faces at Boeing



U. S. NAVY's first hydrofoil patrol craft, shown at launching. Boeing is prime contractor. Hydrofoil, 115 feet long, will "fly" on underwater wings at speeds of 40 to 50 knots.

SPACE TWIST. Tests devised by Boeing scientists determine how much twist an astronaut, working weightless outside orbiting vehicle, could exert on a wrench. Instruments measure the efficiency of bracing techniques.



DASH. U. S. Navy's unmanned anti-submarine helicopter, DASH, will be operated by remote control from destroyers. Powered by 300-hp Boeing T50 gas turbine engine, DASH is designed and built by Gyrodyne Company of America. Boeing gas turbines are used in a wide variety of land, sea and air applications.

BOEING

half lengthwise, and stuck together. This juxtaposition of fragments, says Burroughs, produces a continuous interweaving of flashbacks and flashforwards.

It also produced a question from a puzzled plodder at last summer's Edinburgh Writers' Conference. "Are you serious?" the earnest fellow asked.

"Yes, of course," Burroughs said, and apparently he was.

Who Owns Henry James?

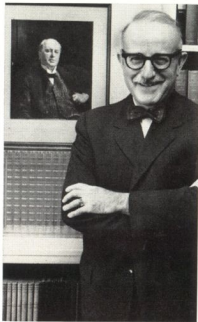
THE CONQUEST OF LONDON (465 pp.) and THE MIDDLE YEARS (408 pp.), Vols. II & III of HENRY JAMES—Leon Edel—Lippincott (\$17).

Boswell started it all. Ever since the canny Scot earned himself a niche in history by taking over Dr. Johnson, scholars have been trying to identify themselves with one literary personality big enough to make their reputations. The best and easiest way to own a famous figure is to find or obtain title to his private papers and write the definitive biography. With authority (and possession) thus established, it is relatively easy to mine and remine the slag heap, bringing out successive editions of his major works, followed by volumes of letters or previously (and perhaps wisely) unpublished fragments of his early work.

In the old days, once a biographer-critic got on top of a really big writing name he was likely to stay there for a lifetime. But today, scholarly competition is cutthroat, and the great writers of the past are likely to be swarmed over as an elephant carcass is swarmed over by ants, each one fruitfully busy but no one bigger than the next. Nevertheless, some hardy scholars can justly lay claim to authoritative possession of one literary giant or near giant, by virtue of either a brilliant critical study that makes rivals obsolete or research of such exhaustive thoroughness that it discourages competitors. Among them: Edgar Johnson, of New York's City College, who owns Charles Dickens; Ernest J. Simmons, who took over Tolstoy with a whopping biography in 1946, recently became a two-man proprietor when his massive study of Chekhov (TIME, Oct. 19) came out; Harvard's Douglas Bush, who has monopolized Milton since 1945 and may set the 20th century endurance record as titleholder, a triumph only slightly tarnished by the fact that Milton can hardly be described as a hotly pursued property. Ex-Proprietor Boswell is himself now possessed by Yale's renowned scholar Frederick A. Pottle. Yale, in fact, has enough Johnson-Boswelliana to fill Yale Bowl, is probably the only college brash enough to claim a whole literary century—the 18th in England—as its very own.

Squatters and Stampedes. In the slender roster of modern American greats, Scott Fitzgerald was once the property of Arthur Mizener, who helped bring his writings to a new prominence (TIME, Jan. 29, 1951). But Fitzgerald is now a contested figure, suspended between Mizener

and Andrew Turnbull, author of the recent biographical bestseller (TIME, March 30). Several critics are even now trying to assert squatters' rights in the late William Faulkner's Yoknapatawpha County, but what will become of their rivalry nobody is likely to know for years. Hemingway had no one dominant fan in life. After his death, a stampede of scholars for the right to use his private papers might have been expected. But the great plum was swiftly awarded by his widow to Princeton's Carlos Baker. As sure as footnotes are footnotes, Baker, now at work



BIOGRAPHER EDEL (& SUBJECT)

The tea leavings were enough.

on a definitive biography, will be "the Hemingway man."

Nobody has to ask "Who owns Henry James?" A professor at New York University named Leon Edel has for years. Judging from the quality of the recently issued second and third volumes of his proposed four-volume biography, he may do so for decades more. The achieved promise of a man who began working on James in 1927, when the rarefied writer was scarcely thought a judicious subject even for a Ph.D. thesis, the two volumes are a most unusual combination: the most massive piece of biographical scholarship ever lavished on an American author, written as gracefully as a mannered memoir.

Picking James up at age 27 in 1920, where Volume I (issued in 1953) left off, Edel carries the self-exiled author to the eve of the calamitous London production of James's second play, *Guy Domville*, in 1895. Nothing is left out. From James's minutest observations (ladies at fashionable Saratoga are "a hundred rustling beauties whose rustle is their sole occupation") to the heretofore unknown existence of a long relationship between James

and U.S. Writer Constance Fenimore Woolson. James kept her at a distance—where he kept nearly everyone—but when she committed suicide, he hastily destroyed his letters to her.

Masks and Tragedy. Instead of that bumbling, step-by-step chronology to which so many earnest biographers indiscriminately consign everything from laundry bills to emotional crises, Edel weaves back and forth in time and subject like a novelist. Predictably, Edel believes James deserves a place among the very greatest novelists. Some critics may boggle at this, but there can be little argument that James was a perceptive prober of human emotions, a tireless experimenter who freed the novel from the thrall of moralistic comment and told his stories through a series of psychological masks.

The author of *Daisy Miller* is, of course, not every reader's cup of tea—or rather he is too much like tea in a world which has mistakenly come to believe that where there is no whisky and no cyanide there can be no seriousness. When he was asked what he thought of Henry James, the late William Faulkner replied, "One of the nicest old ladies I ever met," and so summed up this point of view once and for all. Anyone who agrees with Faulkner is not likely to cotton to James's stable of characters—elegant expatriates, *comme-il-faut* papas with charming daughters, gloved grandees of the Old World and the New. But James's works were based on the classical belief that high tragedy seldom involves the outer concerns of realism—the struggle to get a job, the fear of starving. It can be found rather in the failed aspirations of those who are free to live by a code and have no realistic excuses for their own failure. The tea leavings of many a sophisticated lifetime are bitter enough for anyone expert enough to read them. As an expert, Henry James was sometimes ineliminable. But he was never frivolous.

The Ardent Anarchist

THE COMMUNITY OF SCHOLARS (175 pp.)—Paul Goodman—Random House (\$3.95).

DRAWING THE LINE (111 pp.)—Paul Goodman—Random House (\$1.50).

"The organization of American society," writes Paul Goodman, 51, roving lecturer, author and professional dissenter, "is an interlocking system of semi-monopolies notoriously venal, an electorate notoriously unenlightened, misled by mass media notoriously phony, and a baroque state waging cold war against another baroque state."

Before Greece and North Korea, before Hungary or the Berlin Wall, this sort of cumulative indictment might have evoked sage nods and won its author a reputation for fearless thinking. But to a cold war-scarred world, a man who cannot tell the difference between Russia and the U.S. seems too untinged to be tellingly cogent on any other topic. As criticism, it seems

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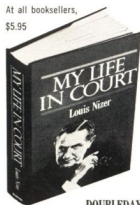
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a bit like the officer who stops in the midst of battle to dress down a soldier for failing to shave.

Still, the officer may have a point: the man should have shaved. And Goodman presses it like the single-minded zealot he is. He calls himself an anarchist—which itself has an old-fashioned ring. He wants to break up America's big corporations and other mammoth institutions because they have dehumanized life and robbed the individual of his power of decision and sense of purpose. Overorganization, Goodman charges, has dammed up the natural instincts of human beings, which, if released, would make the world a better place. No other American writer of the present time—either of the right or of the left—has so forcefully and persistently championed the individual against the state, and for this reason Goodman has attracted a wide following of people who feel frustrated and helpless and long for the democracy of a simpler day. "Only the anarchists are really conservative," writes Goodman, "because they want to conserve sun and space, animal nature, primary community, experimenting inquiry."

Unveiling a Tree. In the course of his career, Goodman has made his anarchist's pitch from many platforms: as novelist and short-story writer, poet and playwright, community planner, sociologist, psychotherapist, teacher (mostly at Columbia University). He began his fulminations against organized society in his fiction, in which a jumble of ideas is loosely arranged into plots. All the characters talk the same Goodmanese, part slang, part preaching. "Allow me. I will explain it to you" is a typical conversational gambit. Horatio Alger, the hero of Goodman's biggest novel, *The Empire City*, pilfers all the cards on file on him in the city, for 20 years prowls about New York in a perfect state of anonymity and anarchy. When an air raid has demolished New York in one of Goodman's short stories, the survivors agree to build a model society. They launch it by pulling down the last remaining billboard and unveiling a tree while listening, enraptured, to a recording of a Beethoven quartet.

Overrun by Administrators. Goodman is best known for his writings on the plight of modern youth. *Growing Up Absurd* argues that today's problem children are the fault of a society that offers them squalid ideals and dull jobs. The behavior of juvenile delinquents and the beats, wayward as it is, is in fact a wholesome protest against adult mores. Writes Goodman, "Our society cannot have it both ways: to maintain a conformist and ignoble system and to have skilled and spirited men to run that system with."

Goodman's latest book, *The Community of Scholars*, quite brilliantly attacks the colleges for failing today's youth. The college, writes Goodman, was once a self-sufficient community of teachers and students that preserved its independence from the state much like a medieval walled city. Now the walls have been breached by the state and the campuses overrun by mediocre administrators who



MARTHA HOLMES

PAUL GOODMAN
Message for an ignoble society.

truckle to outside pressures and intimidate the teachers. There are more administrators in New York State alone, writes Goodman, than in all the school systems of Western Europe. "The ultimate rationale of administration," writes Goodman, "is that a school is a teaching machine, to train the young by predigested programs in order to get preordained marketable skills." The young are no longer in college to learn but to be made servicable to the state.

Cold War Therapy. When Goodman writes on politics, he secedes not only from society but sometimes from the facts. In *Drawing the Line*, a collection of essays on civil disobedience, Goodman scarcely mentions Communism as a cause of the cold war. By Freudian analysis, he traces the origins of the cold war to the pent-up emotions of Americans that must have aggressive outlets. After damning nearly everybody from J. Edgar Hoover to Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt for continuing the cold war, Goodman announces his own cure for cold war tensions: "An occasional fist fight, a better orgasm, friendly games, a job of useful work, being moved by things that are beautiful, curious or wonderful."

Like other romantics before him, Goodman is too prone to exaggerate the badness of government—politicians, generals, police—and to find too much goodness in everybody else. When human beings are freed from the restraints of government, as Goodman would like, they often turn into beasts, as they did in the French Revolution in spite of the Goodman-like optimism of the French Enlightenment philosophers. Goodman's ideas would be more useful if they were less apocalyptic. But in democracy's never-ending dialogue, Goodman's is an always provocative—if never level—voice.

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